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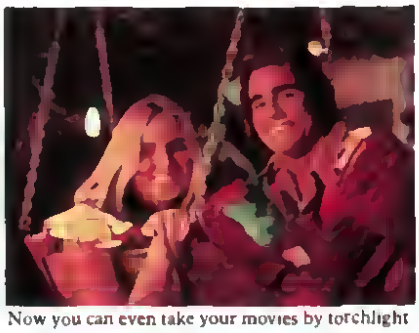




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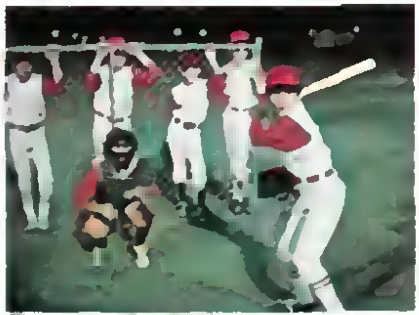
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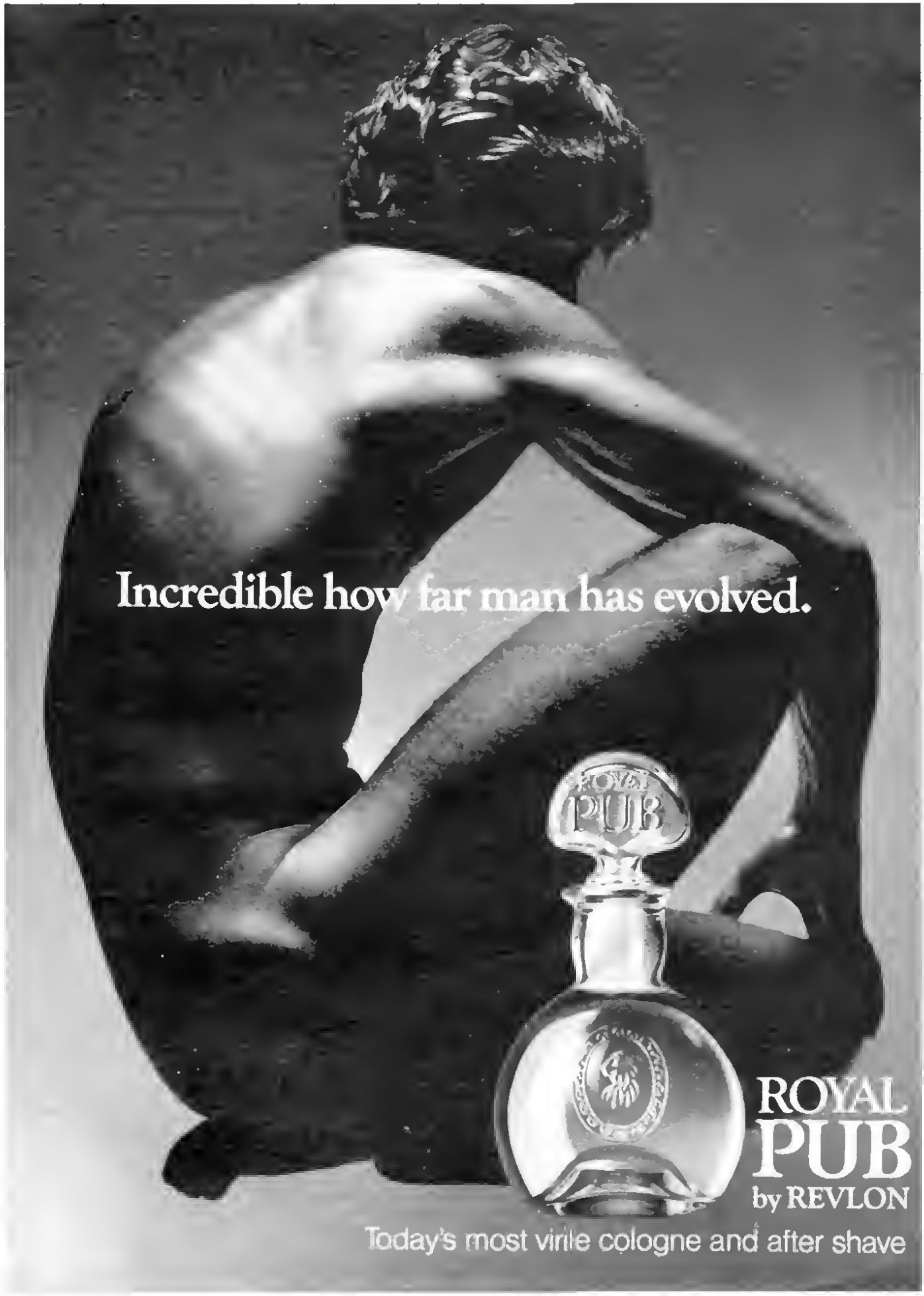
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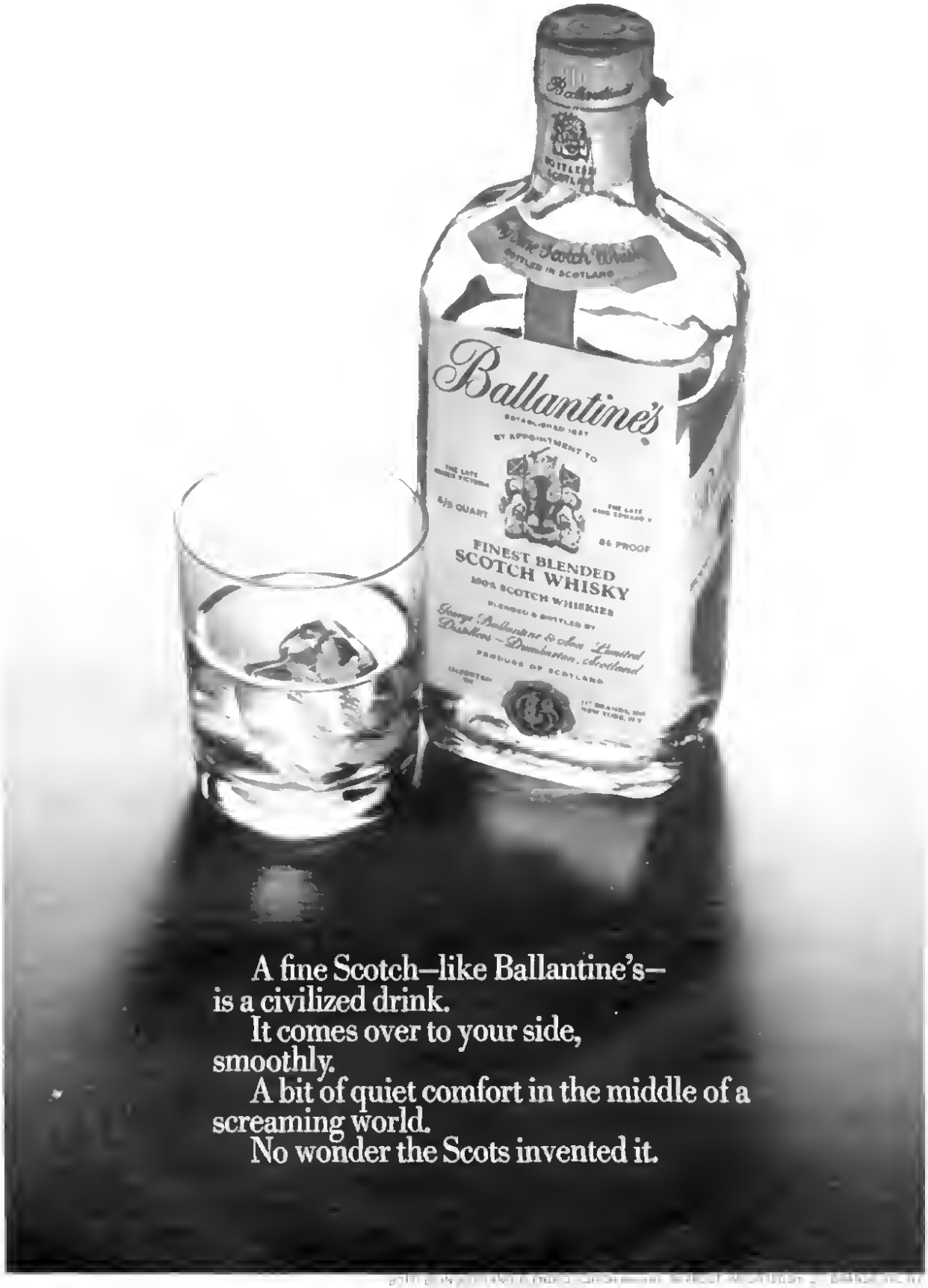
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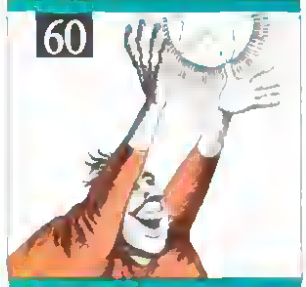
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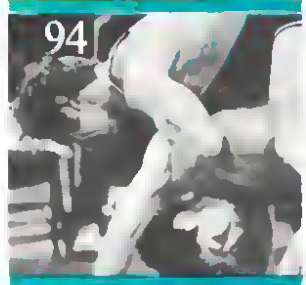














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Next week

FIGHT, SOMEBODY! Heavyweights Duane Bobick and Jimmy Ellis operate against stiffs, while George Foreman and the rest play cat and mouse. Pat Putnam reports.

WATERLOGGED SHOES and the dry heaves are the rewards for running the steeplechase. Neil Leifer's photographs reinforce Kenny Moore's account of an appalling event.

JEKYLL AND HYDE in the form of a pro golfer is big money winner Bruce Crampton, whose alternately abrasive and charming personality is examined by John Underwood.

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He didn't really believe that our car is made so well, it's practically air tight.

So he borrowed a Volkswagen from a local dealer, went out with a camera crew, and hoped to come back with pictures of it lying on the bottom of something called, believe it or not, Beetle Creek.

Fortunately, as you can see in the re-enactment above, that's not how things worked out.

What people watching station WLUK in Green Bay, Wis. saw on the news that night wasn't a sunken Volkswagen.

It was a surprised Stanley Siegel.

In fact, as he put it himself, "These [illegible] do float."*

What's more, the VW even [illegible] without any [illegible]. On the first try.

So far as we're concerned, while Stanley Siegel may not have come back with the exposé he went out for, he still produced something very worthwhile.

One of the best Volkswagen commercials we've seen in a long time.

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*It definitely floats, but not indefinitely.

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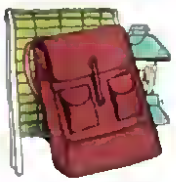


FISHING HOT SPOTS
What's biting, where and when, license fees state by state





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Or what do you do on a rainy day in the Rockies?



WHAT TO PACK AND HOW TO PACK IT
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Staff writer Barry McDermott, whose coverage of the Sealy-Fabergé women's golf tournament in Las Vegas begins on page 84, says he knew he had found a home in journalism on the day he filled out employment forms at the gas company, the telephone company and *The Cincinnati Enquirer*. "I would have been a meter reader or a pole man on the line," he says, "but they turned me down. On the newspaper application, though, there was a space for 'special abilities.' I had them cold. I wrote 'spelling.' "

Unfortunately, McDermott's grammar at the time did not measure up to the spelling, and he was hired as a copyboy. Given a chance to write an item for the teen-age section of the paper, he garbled it to such an extent that it was picked up by *The New Yorker*. "First time out of the box, a big-timer," McDermott says today.

Originally from Fort Wright, Ky., Barry pursued what he calls a "catastrophic" scholastic career, during which he dropped out of every college in the Cincinnati area except Xavier. He never got into Xavier. On the *Enquirer* his beats were golf, the Royals and then a regular column in which he alternately roasted and glorified the city's baseball and football teams, sports personalities and, not infrequently, the city itself, a section of which he once referred to as "a refugee camp for the Appalachian Mountains."

In the year and a half Barry has been with us, he has done lucid stories on everything from troubled basketball teams to celebrity golf tournaments and women billiards players, all of which have cut into his own pursuits of golf, lying in the sun and seeking out YMCAs across America where he can *jog and lift* barbells (McDermott says that he lifts a lot of barbells). Several weeks ago he was able to squeeze in one round of golf with the Lakers' Bill Sharman, former Army Halfback Glenn Davis and Bob Cousy—at the behest of the latter, who may have felt he owed McDermott a round after so many occasions when he denied him a chance to scrimmage with his Royals while both the Royals and Barry lived in Cincy.



McDERMOTT AND NON-GOLFING FRIEND

"Cousy used to let me shoot around with the players in practice," McDermott says, "but I dreamed of the day only nine guys would show and he'd need me to play. It happened once. I stole the ball from Tom Van Arsdale."

On the golf course McDermott used to play to a two handicap and once tied for the golf writers' championship (a title Dan Jenkins has won twice) only to "flat choke out" in a sudden-death playoff. Since moving from the *Enquirer* to SI, McDermott has had to curtail his time on the links and suffer the consequences. The first time he played the Marco Island (Fla.) Country Club course some years ago he shot a 68. This spring, playing in full view of Johnny Unitas and Gibby Gilbert in a pro-am, he managed 92, including one terrific wedge shot that traveled four inches.

"Living in New York has destroyed my golf," he says gloomily. Golf's loss is our gain.

Jack Newcombe



Gordon Johncock wins the Indy "500" with Valvoline.

Valvoline' Racing Oil was in Gordon Johncock's car when he won at Indy. Just as it had been from his first practice lap almost a month earlier. Johncock ran on Valvoline for some very good reasons.

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Johncock wasn't alone. In fact, the first four finishers and 24 out of the 33 starters ran on Valvoline. For the fifth year in a row, Indy drivers made it the No. 1 choice for their cars.

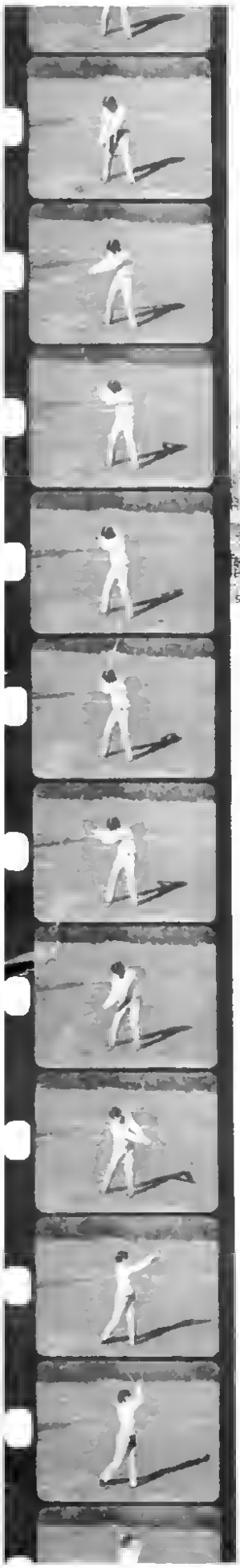
Make Valvoline the No. 1 choice for your car, too.

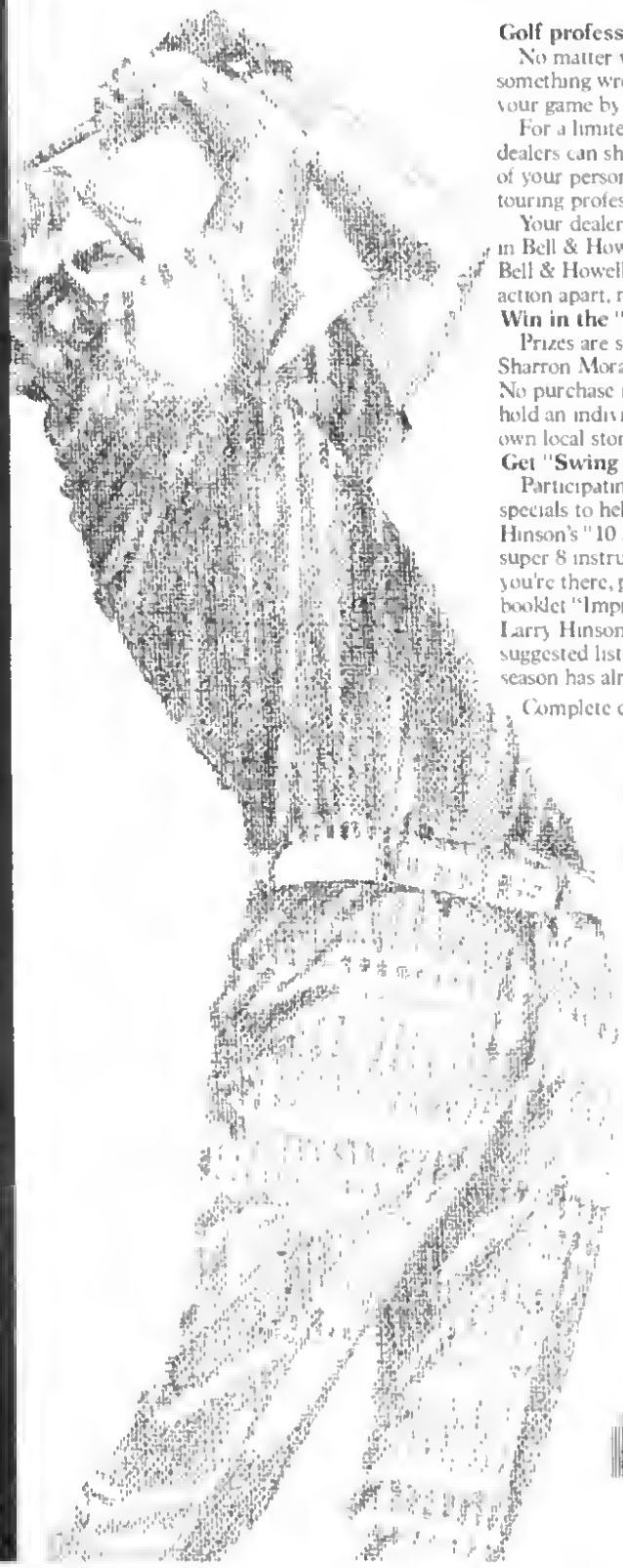


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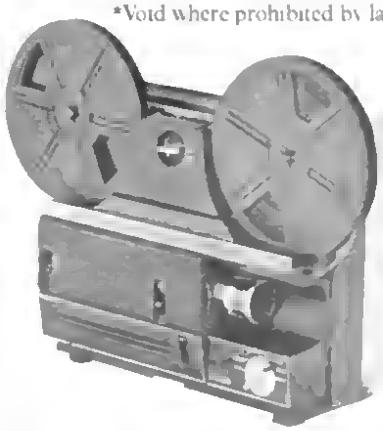
Prizes are sets of sensational Larry Hinson and Sharron Moran Burke golf clubs with bag and headcovers. No purchase is necessary and each participating dealer will hold an individual sweepstakes and award the prize in his own local store.

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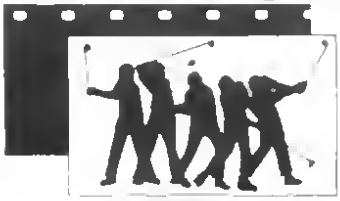
Participating Bell & Howell dealers will be offering golf specials to help you "Swing Like a Pro." Like Larry Hinson's "10 Slides to Better Golf" Plus a great ten-minute super 8 instructional film by Larry Hinson. And, while you're there, pick up a copy of the informative 24-page booklet "Improve Your Game With Movies" and three Larry Hinson or Sharron Moran Burke golf balls (a $3.75 suggested list price) for only $1.39. But hurry, the golf season has already begun.

Complete details at participating dealers.

*Void where prohibited by law.



swing like a pro

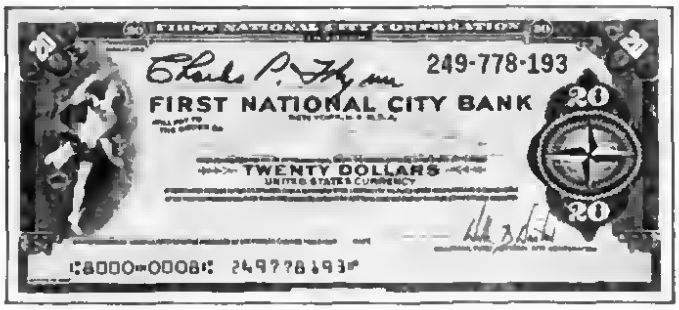


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Along a coastline that curves pest endless ocean, into never ending sunsets. Down the Monterey Peninsula, past Big Sur and on to Sen Simeon.

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BOOKTALK

The idea of butterfly farming tends to lead one on to some flights of fancy

Terror touches me when I Dream I am touching a butterfly," wrote a poet named Genevieve Taggard. You can pet a children's-zoo wallaby to your heart's content, though the wallaby may not much like it, but there is something about a butterfly you can't put your finger on.

Michael Dickens raises butterflies in Kent, England on what he calls a butterfly farm. He and Photographer Eric Storey have produced *The World of Butterflies* (Macmillan, $5.95), in the preface to which they point out that the finest butterflies come from lands that are fast being cleared and developed. We are going to have to establish, say the pair, "butterfly and moth farms in each climatic zone of the world."

Well. Butterfly farming sounds fine, on the level of fantasy:

"What do you do for a living?"

"Farm."

"What do you grow?"

"Butterflies. And silver bells. And cockleshells."

On the personal, down-home level it sounds pleasant also.

"Got a nice crop of Emperor Swallowtails over there, I see."

"Yep. But our Blue Morphos came up kind of spindly this year."

Yet how realistic is either of those visions? What if butterfly farming becomes agribusiness? Butterflies will be involved in parity troubles, and the government will be paying Senator Eastland not to grow butterflies, and there will be silos in the Midwest filled with the surplus, and we will be dealing butterflies to Russia, thereby somehow or other driving up the price of meat. Such a scenario brings on *papillons noirs*, which is French not only for, of course, "black butterflies" but also for "dark, gloomy thoughts."

The first thing my little girl and I ever did together—in the sense that we were both actually doing the same thing, and knew that we were, and could discuss it later (she, being so young, with the use of hand signals)—was follow a white butterfly down a residential street. It evaded us with ineffably better moves than Earl Monroe's.

As a boy I collected butterflies with my best friend David, who joined the Air Force and died in flight. His instruments failed and caused him to pilot his jet upside down in heavy fog, so that he plowed into the ground while thinking he was gaining altitude. He and I would make nets out of cheesecloth and we would put the butterflies to sleep with the fumes of Carbona cleaning fluid. You had to be careful not to touch their wings because the colors would come off, like paint—paint with somehow a suggestion of flesh about it.

I daresay Michael Dickens runs a butterfly farm as well as such a thing can be done. He does not go into any detail about his operation, but his book contains remarkable inside information about the butterfly itself. It is an insect that tastes through "setae, or small hairs, on various parts of the body, on the wings, and on the legs. . . . Some authorities believe that butterflies can also hear over most of the body they have organs with drumlike structures which vibrate like the human eardrum . . . In a butterfly the blood is free-flowing inside most of the body cavity and is generally not confined within tubes or arteries. This makes the creature particularly vulnerable to any kind of injury, which can easily prove fatal."

Imagine being able to hear all over your body, and to taste with your wings. Imagine living like any one of the 108 kinds of butterfly this book portrays.

The Great Eggfly is black, with blue or other-colored smudges. "Males are very pugnacious, keeping every day to the same spot when not chasing off intruders." (How a butterfly fights, unless the young Muhammad Ali was in some real sense an example, I don't know, but the Great Eggfly's wingspan may approach four inches.)

The Rajah Brooke's Birdwing, black with markings of gold and white, wingspan up to 7½ inches, is "fond of flowers and moist places, and especially hot springs. Loves decaying matter and often seen at rubbish and dung. . . . Frequently the males will gather to feed in dozens. The females fly higher in the hills, often 30 feet up in the flowering trees, still on the wing in the early evening. Both sexes do descend to ground level, but only in the early morning."

The Common Map looks like the Canary Islands with wavery grid lines. It "hides under leaves. In flight like a piece of paper suddenly seized by the wind."

The Green Dragontail, whose wings have tails that are longer than the rest of the wing, "often settle on the mud and drink water very greedily, squirting it out behind them such is their excess. They love flowers but do not settle, instead hovering with fast quivering wings [with those long thin tails!] whilst probing for nectar."

The Bhutan Glory is marked something like. I don't know. Butterflies are Rorschach tests. Bird feather, cat fur, smoldering triple eyes? "A feeble flyer, it floats over tree tops like a falling leaf. . . . On the wing all day long. Delicious odor when alive."

Will butterfly farms be like those wild-animal ranches you drive through in your car, with baboons perching on your hood? Perhaps. But it is easier to imagine people, developers, bringing the finest butterflies down, to end up only smudged with that strange paint.

— Roy Blount Jr.

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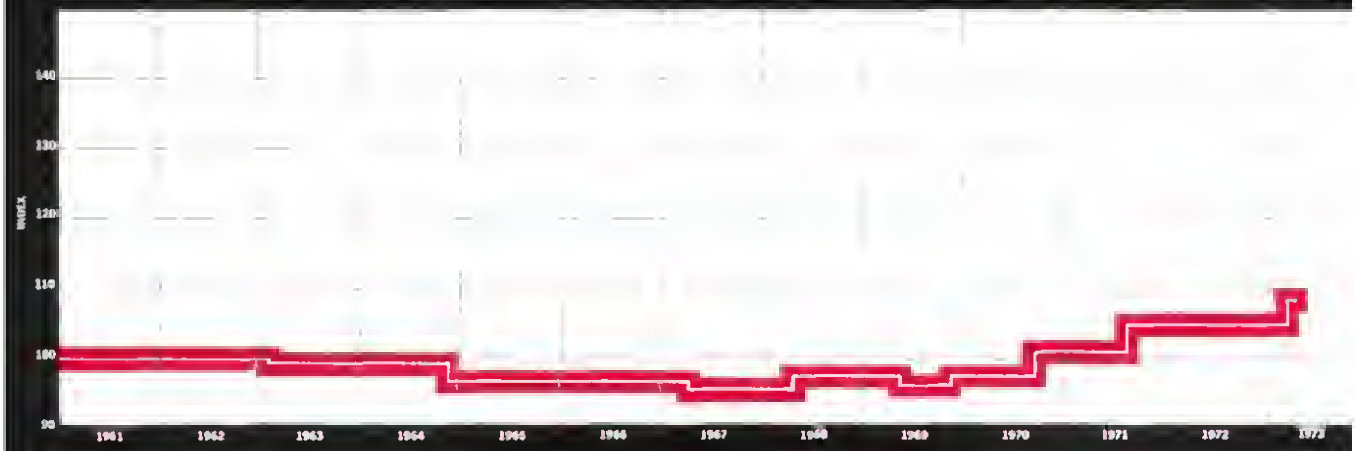
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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

LESSON IN ECONOMICS

Eight years ago, at a price of $31.6 million, Houston completed its 50,000-seat Astrodome. New Orleans' 75,000-seat Superdome, now under construction, will cost at least $150 million, maybe as much as $200 million. Meanwhile, in this year of escalating costs, Seattle is building an enclosed 65,000-seat structure for a piddling $43 million. It is now 15% complete and should be finished in January 1975.

John Spellman, King County executive, explained how it was possible these days to build a domed arena so cheaply.

"In order to hold costs to a minimum," he said, "our architectural and engineering teams had to devise new methods. They started taking bids a year ago because of rising costs. They broke everything into components and bid each one separately.

"For instance, we bought 34 boxcar-sized air-conditioning units, manufactured separately and shipped to the site. The units will be mounted at the stadium instead of a huge unit being built at the site. That was a big saving. So was the dome itself, which will cost $5 million. We found that the best and cheapest covering for the dome was a thin skin of concrete, which will be poured in forms."

Whereas the New Orleans stadium includes a parking garage and separate meeting rooms for large conventions, Seattle plans to provide only 3,000 on-site parking spaces and will have no arena provisions for conventions. But parking will be no great problem. The King County structure is just a few blocks from downtown, with maybe 30,000 parking spaces available.

Nor will Seattle match the Astrodome in spectator comfort. All seats will have backs but only 15,000 will be cushioned. Seattle also expects advertisers and operators of professional football and baseball teams to finance the scoreboard, and concessionaires will have to build their own kitchens and sales stands.

"Baltimore is considering building a domed stadium," Spellman said, "and they've already had our architects and engineers in as consultants."

Moral: Build a cheaper domed stadium and the world will come to you.

BACK IN ACTION

Anyone who ever has endured the excruciating pain of a slipped spinal disk, herniated disk, or whatever the doctors choose to call it, must be cheered by what happened to Bill Melton, White Sox third baseman, as reported in a major article in *American Medical Journal*.

Customary treatment used to involve submitting the patient to an operation on the spine, with dubious prognosis, or prolonged bed rest in traction. What happened to Melton was something called chemonucleolysis, which calls for injection with an enzyme known as chymopapain. If you don't understand that, read on, from the pages of *American Medical Journal*.

"Chymopapain is a sulfhydril enzyme that breaks down the protein polysaccharide complexes of cartilage. Injecting the enzymes into a damaged intervertebral disk digests the nucleus pulposus, and thus offers an alternative to laminectomy."

Anyway, the pain in Melton's back has traveled back to the backs of opposing pitchers, and there's not much chymopapain can do about that.

TWO FOR DIOGENES

The presumption has long been that all fishermen are, at one time or another, liars. It might even be true, but a couple of exceptions to the rule have turned up in Maine.

First it was Merton Wyman of Belgrade, Maine, whose record blueback trout of four pounds four ounces might have taken the top trophy in the Messalonskee Fish-Game Association derby. But Wyman volunteered that the blueback had come from Basin Pond, not included in derby water, thereby eliminating the fish from the competition.

Next weekend Paul Barkowski of Waterville showed up at the Knights of Columbus derby with a handsome brook trout. The crowd gasped as it weighed in at five pounds four ounces. But Barkowski refused to let the officials place the trout among the registered fish.

"No, no," he protested. "I just wanted to have you see it and weigh it. It came from Pleasant Pond." Another beauty eliminated. The derby committee voted Barkowski a special $5 truth prize.

Incidentally, if you don't recognize the term blueback trout, you have company. It is a rare fish these days, though it was common in the Rangeley region until the early 1900s. But it was netted and speared in great numbers when it spawned in the fall and became all but extinct. Wyman's blueback was a pound heavier than the previously accepted world record. It will be mounted and placed in the state museum.

MAKE-DO, DO-WITHOUT TEAM

Another track title has come to Englewood High School, an inner city institution in the 54-member Chicago Public League. For this the team can thank Coach Ed Wallace, who operates with virtually no standard practice facilities or equipment.

Englewood's shotputters practice by throwing the 12-pound ball up a flight of stairs, sprinters carry each other piggyback up and down stairs at a housing project, high jumpers leap up and down from teachers' desks and hurdlers skim over broomsticks held up by chairs.

Wallace forages in junkyards for items that can be converted into makeshift equipment. He believes he can develop champions in every event except the pole vault, which requires space and money. Discus throwers, for instance, use a gutter as a measuring point and throw the discus across the street into a park.

"I feel sorry for the younger coach who comes into the city schools," says Wallace. "He may get discouraged quickly."

One must wonder why.

QUI MAL Y PENSE

One of the pleasanter customs on Hawaiian cruises of the S.S. *Monterey* and sister ship *Mariposa* is the establishment of a ship's lounge ashore in the best resort at each port of call. Presided over by cruise hostesses, the lounges offer such comforts as refreshments and changing

continued



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rooms for use of the beach and pool.

At Lahaina on the island of Maui, Barbara Squibb was hostess in the *Montego* lounge at the Maui Hilton. Passenger after passenger came to her for a key to a changing room, entered it fully clothed, then emerged scantily dressed to return the key.

Watching all this with growing indignation was an elderly lady guest of the hotel, who finally charged up to hostess Squibb and demanded, "Young lady, just what kind of a business are you running here?"

HARD TIMES AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

Changing times are altering the once widely sought status of country-club membership. Whereas heretofore most private clubs maintained long waiting lists, they now are welcoming new members. Richard D. Haskell, executive director of the Massachusetts Golf Association, has an explanation.

"The cost structure has a lot to do with it," he said, noting that real-estate taxes have had a telling effect. "Costs are up, mostly for labor—labor on the greens, house labor in food service. Some clubs break even on their food operations, but more of them lose money. In some instances the bar income doesn't even offset the food operation loss.

"In many clubs with 300 to 500 members, their food service operation is in competition with local restaurants. They have a limited market—only the membership and their guests.

"Opening up the membership is part of the answer. Many clubs have imposed minimum house charges of anywhere from $15 to $50 a month on food and beverages. A lot of people consider that the worst thing they can do." Rising initiation fees also are having a "negative reaction," according to Haskell.

"Because the clubs need capital," he said, "they increase the membership fee, as much as $750, but they still try to attract the young marrieds. The surveys show that nationally the average age of club members is getting higher than we'd like to see.

"That doesn't portend well for the future. A lot of young people want to be active, but their interest is different than it was years ago.

"One of the answers is to increase the family activities at the club. More activities must be made available. Tennis is one. Clubs have to become more family-oriented rather than rely on pure golf activities."

MAINE LOBSTER ANGLAISE

The New England clambake is coming to Old England. On June 24 at the estate of the Earl of Lanesborough, about 100 miles north of London, some 350 friends of the earl will be treated to the authentic thing, presided over by 69-year-old bakemaster Kenneth P. Gray of Edgecomb, Maine, one of about six professional bakemasters left in Maine.

BOAC will fly in 500 pounds of live Maine lobster, six bushels of soft-shell clams and several sacks of Maine seaweed. Since fresh Maine corn will not be available that soon in the season, 450 cans will be imported from Spain. Anyway, Spain rhymes with Maine.

Gray has staged clambakes over the past three summers for Miss Pauline Fen-



no, and she carried word of their glory to her native England.

Gray's next spectacular will be back home again, where he plans a fall feast for no fewer than 1,000 guests at the University of Maine's Orono campus.

COLLEGE EDUCATION

Everyone felt that Harry Dalton, California Angels general manager, was daft when he hired Arizona State's Bobby Winkles to manage his team. But Winkles had a 524-173 college coaching record, and the Angels are doing right well in the American League East—using Winkles' college methods.

"When I first came into the majors," Winkles said, "three things about big-leaguers disappointed me. First, they didn't run on and off the field or show too much hustle. Second, they were always complaining about being too tired with a 162-game schedule. And finally, the number of mistakes. . .

"We went at spring training the way we would have at Arizona State. We really worked their tails off. And they seemed to love it.

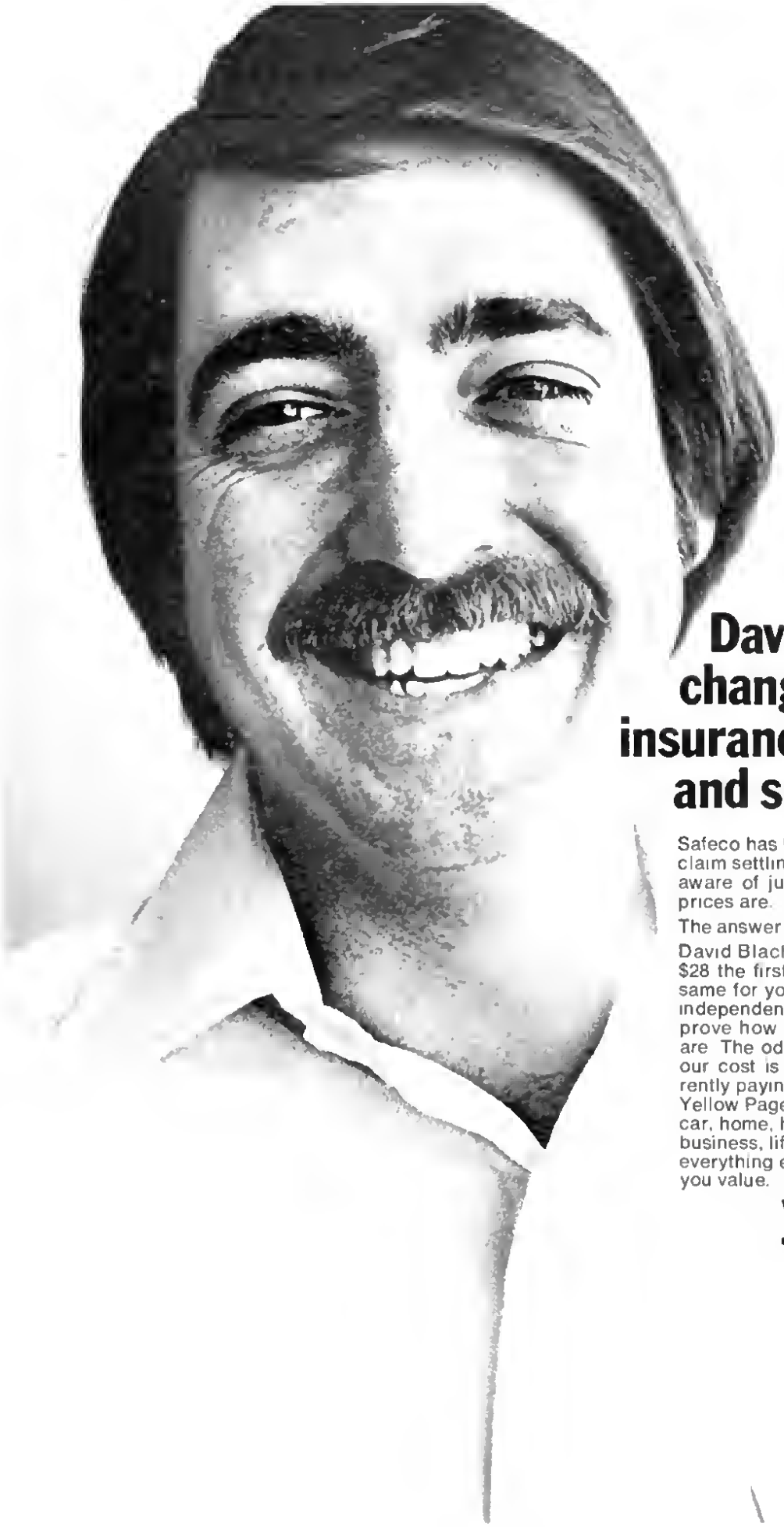
"Fundamentals? Sure, the pros worked on them just like the college kids. Because kids today are railroaded right into the majors with few years behind them, they still have a lot to learn.

"You'll see our team run on and off the field, the infielders bounce around, the pitchers run out. I think it's good."

It's good enough. Not only are the Angels above .500, their attendance is up more than 85,000.

THEY SAID IT

- Lee Trevino, golfer, "I'm going to win so much this year my caddie will make the top 20 money-winners' list."
- K.C. Jones, San Diego Conquistador coach, on what he would do if he could sign UCLA's Bill Walton: "I'd smoke a lot of cigars and smile at everybody."
- Larry Jones, Florida State football coach, on Ahmet Askin, a Turkish-born sophomore kicker who is wrestling with a problem of academic eligibility: "He's gonna be a real good kicker this year if he can get by foreign language. English is his foreign language."
- Larry Riggs, 28-year-old son of Bobby Riggs, on his father's reputation as a sports hustler: "I think you can be a big-time hustler and be legitimate. Small-time hustlers trying to win nickels and dimes are not respectable in our society, but Dad's a big-time hustler and that's all right."
- Pete Elliot, University of Miami football coach, about a youngster he tried to recruit: "I asked the young man if he was in the top half of his class academically. He said, 'No, sir, I am one of those who make the top half possible.'"
- Richie Scheinblum, Cincinnati Reds outfielder, on his career with the Cleveland Indians: "The only good thing about playing in Cleveland is you don't have to make road trips there." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
JUNE 11, 1973

NOT QUITE A TERRAPIN STEW

In the NCAA lacrosse championship, a stall by underdog Johns Hopkins held mighty Maryland for a while. But a cluster of All-Americas and a hot-shooting freshman named Urso saved the day in overtime **by PETER CARRY**

The University of Maryland and Johns Hopkins played another of those run-of-the-mill NCAA lacrosse championships last week in Philadelphia. There was the usual ho-hum stuff: a little overtime here, a couple of last-half come-from-behinds there. Also, a few touches of high strategy and a hundred or so low body checks. One crucial goal was scored when the shooter was not even looking at the net; another crucial goal was missed even though the shot was on target and the goalie was otherwise occupied a full 15 yards from his crease. In the end, Maryland won 10–9 when freshman Midfielder Frank Urso caromed a long shot off the back of a Hopkins defenseman and past the screened-out Blue Jay goaltender—an old-hat squeaker as far as title games go.

NCAA lacrosse championships are only three years old, but already they are one of the dandier events in sports. This year it seemed improbable that the championship game would be tight, despite Hopkins having another of its traditionally lopsided records, 11 victories and only one defeat. But Maryland came in at 11-0 (13-1 if an early season tournament is counted) and the Terrapins had been overpowering. In their 11 regular-season games they had averaged 17.6 points and held opponents to 5.5. They had trounced Hopkins 17–4 and destroyed the other members of lacrosse's so-called Big Five: Army, Navy and Virginia. Even before Maryland won its title, enthusiasts were hailing it as the UCLA of the sport—that being today's cliché.

The Terrapins' greatest strength is that they lack one. Eight Maryland players were among the 22 members of the Sunpapers All-America team announced last week: including the goaltender, two defensemen, four midfielders and an attackman. The team's balance is evident at all positions. On defense, senior Mike Thearle is considered the best in the country. In consecutive games late in the season he held Hopkins' Jack Thomas and Brown's Steve Russo, two of the nation's highest scorers, to a combined total of one goal and no assists. Meanwhile, Rich Avena, who plays crease defense, went relatively unnoticed although no crease attackman had scored on him this year until the semifinal playoff game with Washington & Lee.

Even good lacrosse teams traditionally have only one or two offensive players who accumulate large totals of goals and assists. This year Hopkins, for example, had Thomas with 72 points; its next highest scorer was a big freshman attackman, Franz Wittelsberger, with 39. But Maryland had four players with 48 or more points, led by Attackman Pat O'Meally's 66. Coaches like to talk about balanced attacks; this season Coach Buddy Beardmore could say it and mean it.

Beardmore's Terrapins run a high-gear fast-break offense to take advantage of both their depth and speed at midfield and also the excellence of their face-off men. The lacrosse face-off, in which two opponents crouch glowering at each other while the ball rests between the heads of their sticks, must be one of the more obscure athletic arts. The two face-off specialists on this year's All-America team, Doug Radebaugh and Gary Besosa, are both from Maryland. Against Washington & Lee they combined to win 24 of 29 face-offs with a variety of moves called the flip, rake, clamp and rake-and-clamp. Twenty-one times this season Maryland scored a goal, won the ensuing face-off and scored again within 15 seconds, instilling in their opponents the feeling that they were playing the Boston Celtics. In the only game Maryland lost, face-offs had been eliminated as an experiment.

To prepare for the title game, Beardmore twice loaded his players on buses last week and hauled them to northern Virginia where they worked out on the Washington Redskins' AstroTurf practice field, a surface identical to the one at Franklin Field where the final game would be played. While miscellaneous Skins at preseason workouts yelled, "Hey, man, you guys oughta get your tennis rackets fixed," and, "Is this a contact sport?" Beardmore consulted with George Allen to discuss proper footwear. The Terrapins had lost the championship to Cornell on AstroTurf two years before and had not played on it since, while Hopkins had held a practice, scrimmaged and played a game on artificial *continued*

The Redskins asked if lacrosse was a contact sport. Maryland's Urso and Hopkins' Ferguson (41) reply.


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Urso receives postgame congratulations.



Doug Schreiber sets up in front of Hopkins net.

fields in recent weeks. On Allen's advice, Beardmore ordered Japanese-made ripple-soled shoes for his players. Almost as soon as Maryland began working out, the soles fell off. A few phone calls later the same company came up with the jazzy red basketball shoes that Maryland wore for the game.

After the Terrapins arrived in Philadelphia, Beardmore made one more preparatory move. The night before the game he called a team meeting, presented his players with several cases of beer and told them to relax. That suited perfectly the regimen of the one Maryland player whose performance this season transformed a potentially excellent team into an extraordinary one: soph Goalie Bill O'Donnell. His was the position at which Maryland was neither deep nor experienced when the season began. By the finals, he had become the second best goalie in college, behind Hopkins' superb Les Matthews.

O'Donnell is unusually big for a goalie, in several different directions. He stands 6′2″, an advantage when one must guard a 6′ cage. He can use his head as well as his stick and hands to bat away the shots to the upper corners of the goal that the best shooters often take. He weighs 220 pounds, more than a few of them hanging around his midsection like an unbelted radial. His girth, which helps him stop up portions of the cage the way a cork seals the mouth of a bottle, is compounded of equal parts food and beer.

O'Donnell, who weighed 248 at Christmas and trimmed down to 210 to start the season, was no stranger to the goal when he became Maryland's starter. "I began playing lacrosse in the fifth grade in Baltimore," he says. "I was a defenseman for my first few years, but in the eighth grade I told the coach I wanted to try goal. Basically I'm lazy, but I ain't dumb. I had it all figured out that goalies don't have to run very much."

With a fat and happy young goalie to go with all that other talent, plus their earlier lopsided victory, Maryland was logically a clear favorite over Hopkins in the title game. But the Blue Jays had no inclination to be pushovers. The loss to the Terrapins had been the worst of Coach Bob Scott's 19-year career. "They obliterated us. They pulverized us in every area, the fast break, face-offs, riding, clearing, goaltending, everything," Scott said after his team's final practice. "I think we might have to be a bit more deliberate this time."

"All we can do is control the tempo of the game more," said Goalie Matthews a little later, sipping soda with his teammates. "It's important for us not to get three or four goals behind."

"That's right, they get a little lead and they start to taste it. That's when they really get going," added All-America Defenseman Jim Ferguson.

"We've gotta play like the Knicks," said Thomas. "We gotta work for the good, open shots."

"We're gonna play a slowdown," concluded Matthews.

Maryland expected Hopkins to stall. Against Virginia in a game last year, the Blue Jays had frozen the ball for long periods. The tactics stirred controversy among lacrosse officials, who see their game beginning to gain popularity and are afraid the stall might turn off potential fans. There had even been some dis-

Urso winds up to fire game-winner, which deflected off the back of Berbera (46) into goal.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE

cussion of introducing a shot clock similar to pro basketball's.

What did surprise the Terrapins, who had figured to see a slowdown only if Hopkins took a lead, was the timing of the Blue Jays' stall. Ron Hall won the opening face-off from Besosa, Hopkins cleared into its offensive zone and then held onto the ball for almost 11 minutes. During that time the Blue Jays took two shots, recovering the ball easily after each. The freeze drew hearty boos from the Maryland fans, who comprised roughly half the crowd of 7,117.

But the tactic worked precisely as Scott had hoped. It forced Maryland into a pressing, double-teaming defense, against which Hopkins' one clear edge—the fine stickwork and passing of such players as Thomas and Rick Kowalchuk—could be used to get the ball to shooters left uncovered. Although Hopkins did not again employ a full freeze, it retained enough patience on offense throughout the game to keep Maryland in its most aggressive defense.

The Terrapins, meanwhile, were showing signs of pressure during their rare offensive opportunities. They took only one shot in the first period. Throughout the opening half, their passing was erratic and their shots often inappropriate. Two-thirds of the way through the second quarter, Hopkins had a 5-1 lead. A Maryland goal six seconds before the half cut the lead to 5-2.

During the half Maryland made some subtle adjustments on defense and a big change on offense, switching to a slower pattern, too. From the press box, Scout Craig Hubbard had spotted several Hopkins players he considered incapable of keeping up with certain Maryland players, particularly Schreiber and the hard-shooting Urso. In the second half the Terrapins set up patiently on offense, passing the ball back and forth until Hubbard could call down and tell the coaches on the field who had the advantageous matchup.

With Radebaugh and Besosa winning the face-offs and their teammates taking shots with a little help from above, Maryland scored the first four goals in a 3½-minute span of the third period to take a 6–5 lead. The sixth came on the first of three scoring dashes down the middle by Urso.

Then Hopkins, taking advantage of penalties, replied with three straight goals to lead 8–6. The Terrapins cut the margin to one on a blind, over-the-shoulder heave by O'Meally as he cut in front of the crease guarded by Ferguson. Again Hopkins opened up a two-goal edge before first Urso and then Schreiber made rushes through the middle to tie the score.

Throughout the fourth period and into overtime, the goaltending on both sides was extraordinary, particularly by Matthews, who stopped nine Maryland shots in the last quarter, many of them from point-blank range. But the best save of the day was one that Bill O'Donnell did not make for Maryland. At 3:50 of the first overtime, he scrambled out against Hopkins' Thomas for a missed shot behind his goal. Just as the ball was about to bounce out of bounds, Thomas grabbed it and tossed it blindly over his head. Midfielder Dale Kohler caught the ball in front of the goal and fired a shot at what would have been an open Maryland net if Ed Glatzel had not alertly stepped into the crease. "We have a deal where the defenseman away from the ball is supposed to cover the crease whenever the goalie leaves," Glatzel explained. "I've had a few saves on plays like that this year, but that's the first one on which I ever really saw the ball. This one came right at me and I was able to knock it away."

All that remained then was for Urso to score the winning goal at 1:18 of the second overtime. It was a 15-yarder—a long shot under such critical circumstances—but in maneuvering, Urso discovered that he could not see Matthews. "I figured if I couldn't see him, then he couldn't see me, and I let it go."

The ball deflected off the back of Hopkins' Bob Barhera into the goal and that decided one more ho-hum championship. **END**

Having taken a shot, Maryland's Brooks Sleeper gets his lumps from Hopkins defensemen.



INDY'S SOMBER TRIAL BY FIRE AND RAIN

It was more ordeal than event, beset by storms and smashups and stopping far short of 500 miles

by ROBERT F. JONES





Swerving right, Salt Walther's car sleshes explosively egeinet the fence.



No doubt about it, the Indy 500 is the grandest event in sport—and the grimmest. For Memorial Day, 1973 the orchestrators of "the greatest spectacle in racing" unwittingly combined two normally antithetical elements, fire and rain, to produce a week of horror and frustration. By the time it was over the body count had reached 16, with one crewman dead, two drivers critically burned and 13 spectators hospitalized for injuries ranging from grave to merely painful. Somewhere along the way the race also produced a winner, Gordon Johncock in a red STP Eagle-Offy. But his well-earned triumph was overshadowed by the pall of destruction that surrounded it.

It was obvious last Monday that the full 500 miles could not be run that day, yet Indy officialdom is nothing if not persistent. The high winds and drenching rains that had made such a mess of the whole month of practice and qualifying seemed to have redoubled in strength on Memorial Day. Great rolling waves of rain clouds swept up from the south, soaking the just and the unjust alike, then stood aside for a few minutes as if to raise false hopes that the race might be run.

All through that long, waterlogged day the spectators waited—a third of a million miserable speed freaks, most of them wet, some of them falling-down drunk, all of them hopeful for a start. The management's customary blend of prerace activities included this year a caravan of off-white Cadillac convertibles carrying 23 ex-POWs who drew the heartiest, schmalziest applause of the afternoon. To many of the former prisoners the scenes that were soon to come would be reminiscent of a low-level bombing raid over Hanoi, replete with napalm and shrapnel.

After four hours of delay and countless laps by the track's tow trucks, whose tires helped to dry the asphalt, Speedway President Tony Hulman finally uttered the magic words, "Gentlemen, Start Your Engines," and the 33-car pack pulled out for the shortest race in Indy's 57-year history. This was the fastest field ever, averaging 192.329 mph, which came to 8.674 mph faster than was produced by last year's contingent. That speed alone had plenty of racing people ner-

Between brief bouts of racing, Indy's faithful sit patiently through the lost weekend.





Scattering fire and injuries in its path, the demolished racer spins down the main straightaway while other drivers seek to snake past.

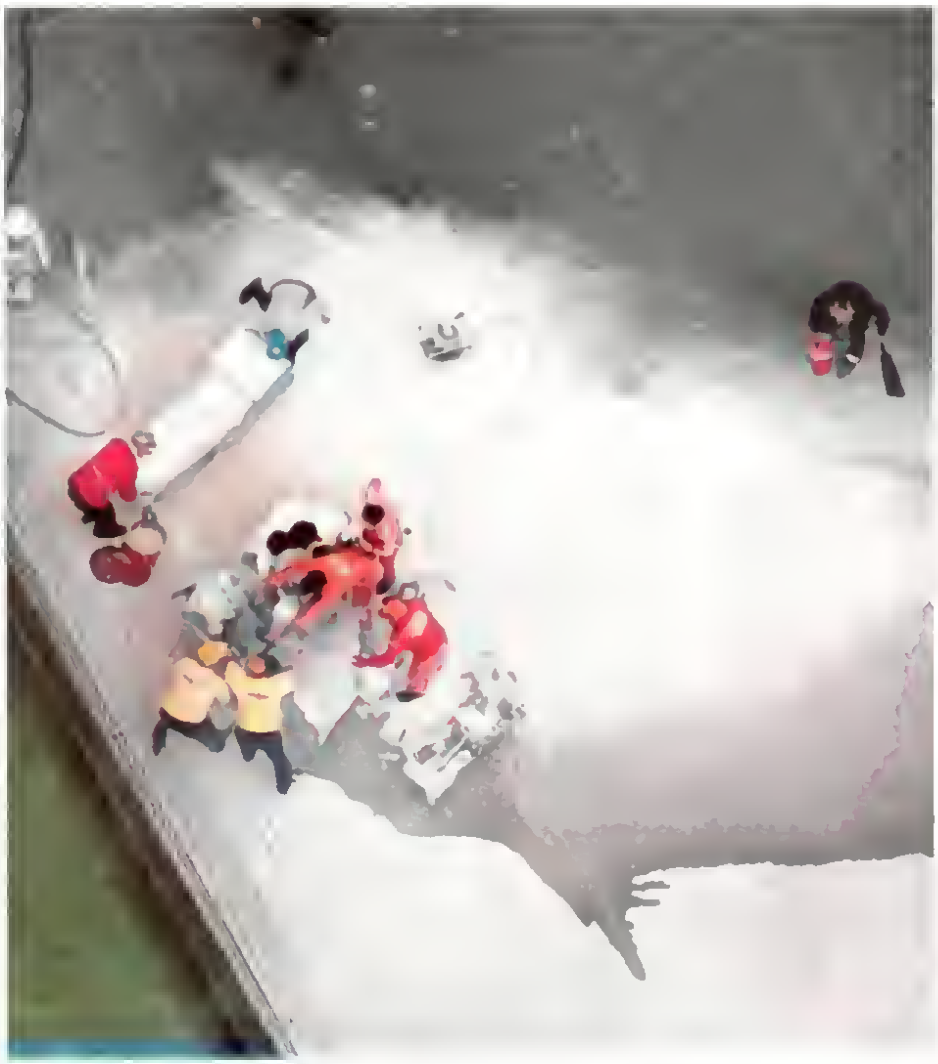
vous. The cars, with their wide wings and treadless tires, stir up turbulence and are tricky to control. The deaths of Jim Malloy and Art Pollard during qualifying practice runs last year and this had yet to be explained. Both cars had veered sharply to the right while cornering, leaving no skid marks on their way into the fatal outside wall. At speeds of some 200 mph, a car covers the length of a football field in one second. There is no "collection time," no time to react to danger when something goes wrong.

Add to those mechanical fears the fact that Indy drivers are a high-strung, hard-charging bunch to begin with, and that they had been waiting to race for most of a long, stomach-eroding day, and all the elements of tragedy were in place. The only thing required was a fouled-up start, and since there had already been four of those in the last eight years, the odds were in favor of fire on top of rain.

As the cars came past the jam-packed main-straight grandstand for the parade lap, it was evident that plenty of drivers in the rear of the pack, plus a few in the front, were assuming that this would be a sprint race. If only 101 laps were completed, rather than the customary 200, the race would be official and there would be a winner. The pack was strung out unevenly, with only the front row of pole

continued

Firemen work as track medics move to lift Swede Savage out of wreck and onto stretcher





Survivor rather than winner, Gordon Johncock rolls toward victory—after only 332.5 miles.

FIRE AND RAIN *continued*

sitter Johnny Rutherford, Bobby Unser and Mark Donohue, last year's winner, in anything resembling good order. That ragged formation did not improve on the pace lap that followed. Yet Harlan Fengler, the Indy Establishment's aged chief steward, gave the go-ahead to pace car driver Jim Rathmann to pull off. Pat Vidan, the elderly acrobat of the starting platform, did his dance with the green flag and the race was on . . .

. . . and off again just a few hundred feet farther down the track. In the sixth row the youngest driver in the field, David (Salt) Walther, age 25, suddenly veered sharply to the right—nobody knows exactly why. He climbed the left front wheel of another car and smashed into the wall and the wire debris fence. His car exploded in an orange fireball, spewing flames and metal into the crowd that stood wide-eyed just a few feet from the wall. The volatile methanol fuel—75 gallons of it—gushed forth and flared like a flamethrower as Walther's car bounced back onto the track, pinwheeling down through the oncoming pack like some kind of fiery new weapon of war. In a display of reactive driving unparalleled in Indy history, most of the 17 cars running with or behind Walther managed to avoid the spinning wreck. Those that hit it did so with glancing blows.

The front of Walther's car was clipped off by the impact as neatly as if by a can opener. That probably saved his life, for it ruptured the fuel bladder, and the centrifugal force of the spin then emptied the methanol before it could incinerate the driver. "If it had been confined to the car," said a teammate later, "he would have been cooked like a marshmallow."

As it was, Walther lay upside down in the coffinlike tub with his feet protruding during most of the spin and for long moments after it came to rest, flames licking his legs, body and face. He was conscious when the rescue squad finally cut him loose, and there had been no flame inhalation of the sort that killed Art Pollard two weeks earlier. Still, Walther suffered third-degree burns over 25% of his body. Twelve cars were damaged in the wreck, but the other drivers suffered only minor injuries at worst.

Nonetheless, there was outrage. "These are supposedly the best drivers in the world," said England's David Hobbs, who had flanked Walther on the grid and escaped the horror only by instant reflex, "yet they can't even make it down the bloody straightaway!"

Mike Mosley, who has crashed four times in the last three races, leaped out of his wrecked machine and charged Starter Vidan, cursing him for a blunderer. Mike Hiss, 1972's rookie of the year, described the start quite simply: "Ridiculous." As for the fans in the grandstand, 13 of whom were burned and bashed by the wreckage, the only statement was a cacophony of screams and moans. Most of the injured spectators suffered corneal burns. Two teen-age girls were listed in critical condition.

The Walther accident brought out the red flag, and a short while later the rains returned in earnest, postponing the race. On Tuesday the rains continued, aborting another start, but by midafternoon on Wednesday the track was dry enough to give it another try. By now, the orig-

AFTER THE RACE, REALITIES TO FACE

Nowhere in sport does the lust for sponsor dollars exceed that at Indy, where each car is a speeding outdoor ad display and its driver a multi-labeled sandwich man in Nomex. The constant push of outside capital has set up a spiral whereby a single engine can cost $30,000 and the entry of one bare-budget race car consume a minimum of $100,000. With this sort of money at stake, excessive pressures are exerted on drivers to make *Kamikaze* efforts to qualify and place well in the race itself.

As obviously dangerous as such aggressiveness can be, officials at Indianapolis have tried to regulate the proceedings with fatherly admonitions, wrist pats and paltry fines. Abuse of starting rules at Pimlico or Belmont can unhorse a jockey for a costly period; the same offense at Indy this year drew a derisory $100 penalty. When you couple this undisciplined zeal with an antiquated facility, the recipe for disaster is complete.

While millions have been spent to improve the old Speedway, most of the investment has been misdirected at building more grandstand seats, thousands of which are too close to the race cars. The fact that only 13 spectators were injured in the black-comedy start of last Memorial Day borders on the miraculous. Indy management has been warned repeatedly that a racing car could easily vault the fence at any one of several points on the track—especially in the pits where thousands of people sit near exposed, monster tanks of racing fuel—and kill several hundred in a few seconds. This is unacceptable. Motor racing need not be filled with death and gore. NASCAR Grand National cars, running 500-mile races nearly 20 times a year at average speeds close to those at Indy, have killed eight drivers since 1958 in millions of miles of racing, testing and qualifying. Over the same span, Indy has killed 10 drivers.

The aged rationale that Indy is a proving ground for future civilian motoring is nonsense. Indy cars are bastard machines, far in arrears of automotive technology. Propelled for the most part by engines whose origins date back to 1931, these racers are discouraged by the rules from employing such advanced automotive

inal crowd of 350,000 had been reduced to less than half that number, diehards all. For the third time in as many days, Tony Hulman told the gentlemen to do their thing, but by now the words had taken on an ominous valence.

The start, at least, was trouble-free. Bobby Unser dove into the first turn with the hardboiled élan for which he is infamous, followed by Mark Donohue. Johnny Rutherford flubbed a gear change and thus lost the pole advantage as wondrously as he had won it. But almost immediately there were casualties. The engine of Bobby Allison's Sunoco-DX Special let go on the second lap and the stock-car star retired in a miasma of blue smoke. On the fourth lap, with the track very slippery, Peter Revson went wide in Turn Four, lost control and skidded into the inside retaining wall. He was not hurt, but his orange Gulf McLaren was finished—and the shape of the tragedy to come had been lightly sketched on the slick banking of Turn Four.

Other top drivers went out during the first hour, among them Mario Andretti, with a burned piston, and A. J. Foyt, who quickly commandeered the car of his teammate, George Snider, thus drawing boos from the crowd for the first time in his Indy career. By the 42nd lap the lead belonged to Swede Savage, the hard-charging 26-year-old from Santa Ana, Calif. who had made a remarkable comeback from his near-fatal crash at Ontario two years ago. His Day-Glo red STP Eagle, prepared by master mechanic George Bignotti, was running perfectly, as were the cars of his teammates, Johncock and New Zealander Graham McRae. His pit stops had been superquick, and Savage had every reason to believe that he could win. Then, on the 59th lap, having relinquished the lead during a refueling stop to Al Unser's Viceroy Special, Savage came charging into Turn Four to produce the most spectacular crash of the week.

At the apex of the turn his rear wheels apparently came unstuck from the oil-drenched groove. Bobby Unser, coming up behind, saw Savage bobble and braced for disaster. "It seemed like he almost got back under control," Bobby said later, "but then down he went." Straight down the banking, across the infield grass, and virtually head-on into the retaining wall. The car, ripped in half by the impact, exploded in a gout of blazing methanol with the engine spinning one way and the monocoque tub another. Tires flew skyward through the flames, along with bits of steel and a shower of Day-Glo red paint flakes. Before the explosion, Savage punched the button of his radio transmitter and yelled to his crew: "Holy Christ! What a mess!"

Skidding and flaring, the tub shot back out across the track and came to rest near the outside wall. Savage seemed unable to unhook his safety harness, but he surged against the straps again and again as the flames surrounded him. Finally the rescue crew reached him. He was conscious and almost cocky in the ambulance, but both of his legs were badly broken, bent up almost into his groin. His eyes appeared to be glued shut, and his hair was singed. Yet he had not breathed the flames, and his new, two-layer "foam suit," which can keep a man alive for a full minute in the hottest fire, had probably saved him.

But nothing could have saved the life of STP Crewman Armando Teran, who was standing in the pits with Crew Chief Vince Granatelli when Savage crashed. Teran, 22, asked Granatelli if he should run up to Turn Four and help with the wrecked car. "I told him 'yeah,' " Vince said later, "and he ran out into the pit road, looking north toward the fire." Also heading north at 50 or 60 miles an hour—against the normal flow of traffic—was a fire truck. The truck blindsided Teran, knocking him 50 feet up the pit road. The impact bent the bumper into a shallow V. His ribs crushed and his skull broken, Teran died an hour later at Methodist Hospital.

The race was stopped for 84 minutes as a result of the twin tragedies, when it resumed, no one had much heart left for thrills and spills. Johncock took the lead from Al Unser on the 73rd lap and just kept trucking. Wee Gordy, who stands only 5′7″ and who normally sports one of the gaudiest grins in racing, fought off a challenge from Billy Vukovich and maintained a safe lead of about 25 seconds through the remainder of the race. The skies were once again glowering, and by the 130th lap the first raindrops splattered their familiar sound on the back straightaway. The yellow flag came out, and three laps later the red. The race ended officially at 133 laps—332.5 miles—and without the usual ebullience of a checkered flag. Johncock was subdued in victory, allowing that perhaps the cars should be slowed down in the future. Even sponsor Andy Granatelli was remarkably restrained. There were no kisses this time, no drenchings with champagne. "I'm happy for Gordy, of course," said Granatelli, "but this has been an ugly day."

And then the rains came once again. **END**



With no checkered flag, a kiss sealed the win.

mechanisms as rotary engines, turbines or four-wheel drive, and are relegated to a cubbyhole of technology as too-efficient, four-wheeled freaks.

Racing is a legitimate sport, pursued by talented, courageous men, men of worth. It is a shame that their judgment and the believability of the sport they represent should be made suspect by this single track. As a former professional race driver, I agree that radical action must be taken. Driver discipline must be enforced. A major redesign, including expansion of the alley-width front straightaway, and a program to increase spectator safety must be started. Three days after Indy, the United States Auto Club slapped new restrictions on airfoil area and on-board fuel, a move to make the rest of the season slower and safer. This action now must be backed by a hard look at the crazy expense being borne by the competitors. Most important of all, the survival of Indianapolis and of the sport of motor racing is dependent on new priorities, aiming at an emphasis less, as has been rhapsodized, on "instant fame and a winner's share of the quarter-million-dollar purse," and more on the resumption of competition by rational men in reasonable automobiles on good tracks.

—Brock Yates







BOSS TWEEDY: LADY WITH A LOT OF HORSE

Meadow Stable's director has had a crash education in racing. Secretariat could now confer on her the ultimate degree **by MARTHA DUFFY**

It is eight o'clock on a clear spring morning at The Meadow farm, a 2,600-acre breeding establishment in the unfashionable reaches of Virginia. Penny Tweedy (*see cover*), who runs it, has carved time from her schedule for the important business of showing her track trainer, Lucien Laurin, the yearling crop and the laggard 2-year-olds who are not already in Laurin's Belmont barn learning how to get out of a starting gate.

The yearlings have already passed in a slow parade of inspection—Something-fabulous, king of the barn, a Northern Dancer-Somethingroyal colt already worth about $300,000, Line Officer, a deep-chested son of Crewman; a Dr. Fager filly whose legs are causing concern, and eight other glistening animals.

The party moves on to the training track to examine the 2-year-olds. Mrs. Tweedy knows their problems right down to Tally Round, a particularly intractable filly who tries to swallow her tongue, paddles when she walks and generally resists direction.

"Have her teeth been filed yet?" the owner asks. Just then a buzzer sounds indicating a phone call. It is her husband Jack back home on Long Island. Where are his shirts, he wants to know.

That problem dispatched, Mrs. Tweedy tells her farm trainer, Meredith Bailes—whose father worked at The Meadow for 25 years—that she wants to buy a starting gate to train her own horses as well as others on consignment. Before she invests, she wants Bailes to spend two or three months away from the farm in intensive training with Laurin. Bailes looks as if he has heard better ideas in his time, but the plan will probably go through.

In the six years since she took over the management of Meadow Stud from her father, the late Christopher Chenery, Mrs. Tweedy has cut the stable's size from 130 horses to 68, mostly eliminating dead wood. The overall plan is to tighten the operation in every way possible.

Mrs. Tweedy is the most visible owner in racing in a long time, and the closest thing to a new face that settled Establishment has. In manner and life-style she is considerably removed from more flamboyant racing ladies, such as Elizabeth Arden. Penny Tweedy is practical and energetic, as careful with time as with The Meadow budget. When giving an interview she may be sewing on buttons. On Long Island her only help is a part-time secretary and a cleaning woman. Jack's shirts and Tally Round's teeth are coexisting responsibilities.

With Riva Ridge and Secretariat, Penny Tweedy began racing in a broad streak of luck as well as judgment, but she is thinking well beyond the careers of these two colts. To Rokeby Stable's Elliott Burch, perhaps the most prestigious trainer of all these days and a much-admired rival, Tweedy is a welcome addition to racing. "We think a lot alike. The principles are these: staking out a campaign for a horse, not overracing him, going for the big races, not planning to breed a bunch of sprinters. We both try for classic horses to run in classic races. If not, get rid of them. She is so thorough. She studies where other campaigns have gone wrong and learns."

Study she does—the *Racing Form* from cover to cover, including regional columns, British and American thoroughbred magazines, the prices that every last horse commanded in any sale or auction. It is all part of an intensive program of self-education that began in 1967 when Christopher Chenery's health started to fail. Prior to that year the Tweedys lived with their four children in Denver. Jack, a lawyer, was one of the original founders of the Vail ski resort and Penny's business activities were limited to sitting on the board of directors of Meadow Stud. She has an older brother and sister, but thinks "my father suspected that if any of us carried on, it would be I."

Chenery was a self-made public utilities millionaire who, against every kind of advice, started his stud in Doswell in 1936 because his impoverished family had antebellum roots there. He was told that the grass was bad, the land swampy, that the place lacked proximity to Kentucky. A former civil engineer, he drained the swamp, learned about grass and bought the horses—though his first notion about breeding was simply to let a stallion into a pasture with several mares. Soon, however, he was getting advice from A. B. Hancock of Claiborne Farm, starting the close association between the families that has continued through the late Bull Hancock, who advised Mrs. Tweedy when she took over, down to his son Seth, who was instrumental in the $6,080,000 syndication of Secretariat.

From 1939, when he bought a yearling filly named Hildene who ultimately produced five stakes winners, Chenery steadily improved his stock. His first famous horse, Hill Prince, lost the Kentucky Derby in 1950 to Bill Boland's brilliant ride of Middleground along the rail. Another Derby favorite, Sir Gaylord, broke down in 1962, the day before the race. In all, however, Chenery bred 41 stakes winners.

In the '60s the family became aware of what Penny calls "a slowly increasing senility" in Chenery. He died only last January at 86, but in 1967 he unaccountably sold three stakes-winning fillies, a bad breeding gaffe that prompted Penny to start taking control of Meadow affairs. "My role evolved out of loyalty to my father. I hated the idea that anyone would take advantage of him."

The educational blitz began. In addition to reading, it included almost daily phone calls to The Meadow's veteran farm trainer, Howard Gentry, and to Chenery's longtime secretary, Elizabeth

continued

Penny Tweedy at Belmont with her trainer, Lucien Laurin (top left), husband Jack, and at home on Long Island with her cat Tharese

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

Ham, an avid horsewoman who still runs the financial side of the enterprise. After a while, "when I got up the gumption," Penny decided to replace Casey Hayes, her father's track trainer for 20-odd years. "He had trouble transferring authority to me," she says. "In fact, he didn't." As usual she applied to Bull Hancock for advice about a new trainer. He suggested one of the Laurins.

Penny made a deal with young Roger Laurin, and she credits him with being an expert, patient tutor. "I felt I could ask him the stupid questions. 'What is a splint?' I'd say, and he'd tell me. Roger taught me how to look at a horse." Says Roger, "Mrs. Tweedy was able to make executive decisions without hindsight. Lots of decisions have to be made right away, not three weeks from now. She didn't stop to ask nine other people." When the Phipps family asked him to become their trainer, he went, but left Mrs. Tweedy a parting gift in the form of a replacement, his father Lucien.

The elder Laurin arrived two years ago, and shortly afterward the Tweedys decided to move East. Jack had become executive vice-president of the Manhattan-based Oil Shale Corporation. With Riva Ridge on the scene—providentially from Penny's point of view—the Chenery heirs made plans to go on racing after the death of their incapacitated father.

The major heirs of the estate of C. T. Chenery are his three children and Miss Ham, who is also the executrix. Hollis Chenery, who is a vice-president of the World Bank, limits his role to occasional economic counsel ("A major stakes winner every five years and some kind of stakes winner every other year"). Margaret Chenery Carmichael, who runs a secretarial and book editing service in Tucson, says that her dream in life is *not* to run a racing stable.

That leaves Mrs. Tweedy and Miss Ham, who knows more about The Meadow than anyone. Miss Ham traveled with Chenery when he bought horses over the years, including the trip to Xalapa Farm in Kentucky that turned up Hildene. She also rode with him. "You went wild places. He was a bold rider and he had bold horses."

Since Chenery's death Miss Ham has been busy settling enormous estate and tax problems. Everyone knows that Secretariat was syndicated early to help ante up death duties that Hollis Chenery estimates at about 70% of the estate. Riva Ridge will probably go the same route before the end of the year. In making these financial arrangements the two women have acquired some puzzled new associates—officers of the Chase Manhattan Bank, which became co-executor of the will. Whatever its competence in less colorful trusts and estates, the Chase knew nothing about the horse business. So the benefits of the educational blitz were extended to them. Miss Ham has taken squads of bankers to Virginia while Penny herds others off to the track. On the day of Secretariat's collapse in the Wood Memorial, the only race the colt has lost this year, 10 bankers and their wives were looking on as members of the Tweedy party. It is likely, though, that if the bankers hadn't been there, 20 other people would have been: roommates of children, widows of cousins, pals from Pelham Manor, N.Y. where the Chenery children grew up, somebody's old war buddy. Jack in particular is gregarious. "Others should share our excitement," he tells his wife, and they do. "I move in

continued

TRIPLE CROWN CRITERIA: SECRETARIAT HAS THE GOODS

When Citation won the last of eight Triple Crowns 25 years ago, he did what was fully expected of him at odds of 1 to 5. Inasmuch as three other colts—Whirlaway, Count Fleet and Assault—had done the same thing during the seven previous years, the feat itself, although spectacular, was considered neither astonishing nor incredible.

Citation and his predecessors achieved their success because they met the strict requirements of a classic horse: one who can maintain peak form for five or six arduous weeks (a period that includes shipping to Louisville, then to Baltimore and finally to Belmont Park), can run his very best on any kind of track (Pimlico's slop undid Riva Ridge last year) and who is, both in pedigree and in fact, not beyond himself at a mile and a half. Also, unless he is so far superior to his opposition that nothing fazes him, the Triple Crown winner must have some racing luck, which includes not getting hurt during the running of the Belmont itself.

Since 1948 six colts before Secretariat achieved the Derby-Preakness double but failed in the Belmont. Of the six, three turned out not to be 12-furlong horses; two others (Majestic Prince and Canonero II) were unsound and should never have started, the best of the lot, Tim Tam (1958), would have won except for a near-fatal injury to his right foreleg on the stretch turn. His courage in finishing second to Cavan on three good legs has become legendary.

Those who thought Carry Back (1961) and Kauai King (1966) could win the Belmont were wishful thinkers. Both were very good horses but just not up to the distance. In between their losses (Carry Back was seventh to Sherluck, Kauai King fourth to Amberoid) came a more legitimate threat, Northern Dancer (1964). Although Owner E. P. Taylor was convinced of the Dancer's stamina after his easy Preakness victory, Trainer Horatio Luro told those who listened that he would be surprised if the little colt could win at a mile and a half. Northern Dancer finished third, six lengths behind Quadrangle. If Trainer John Longden had leveled with Owner Frank McMahon and told him *before* the 1969 Belmont what he so willingly told the racing press *after* the race, a hurting Majestic Prince would never have started. Going backward in form, he was badly beaten by the fit and ready Arts and Letters. And two years later an almost panicky, patriotically motivated crew of Venezuelans bowed to the pressures around them and sent an injured and sick Canonero II out to a certain Belmont defeat (he was fourth to Pass Catcher)—a tearjerker in which New York bettors alone needlessly lost more than $1 million.

In this week's 105th Belmont, Secretariat has the best chance at a Triple since Tim Tam. If he wins he will be called another super horse. If he loses, as he did with such inexplicable and casual indifference in the Wood Memorial in April, this will hardly be written off as "just another race," but it will again emphasize how difficult the Triple Crown is to acquire. There are still some doubters who question Secretariat's mile-and-a-half capabilities, but they are far outnumbered by those who say that here is a magnificent animal who, when he wishes, humbles his fields. Trainer Lucien Laurin and Jockey Ron Turcotte notwithstanding, this son of Bold Ruler dictates his own running style—coming from behind, or taking an early lead and keeping it. However the big horse chooses to dish it out this Saturday, the public expects him to get the job done. I couldn't agree more.

—WHITNEY TOWER


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a phalanx of well-wishers," Penny says. "Just once I would like to watch a race alone." Before a race she reminds her husband of "a horse that is ready to run—nipping and biting."

In truth she welcomes the crowds. To an unusual degree she feels that her job is to "represent" her horses. "I am the public relations part of the stable," she says. "There are times in crowds like the Derby when you feel like Joe DiMaggio, but the object is to be pleasant and visibly there and not let the horse down."

This sense of responsibility extends to her two closest track associates, the stoical Ron Turcotte and his volatile employer, Laurin. In the heavy days between the Wood and the Derby, Mrs. Tweedy concentrated her formidable energies on "helping the people who have to do with the horse to exist and function. At night I had dinner with Ronnie, who really feels the pressure of that $6 million syndication. By day I'd tell Lucien, 'I want to see such-and-such stud,' so he drove me out from Louisville. It distracted us both."

Secretariat requires more attention than anyone, but he by no means monopolizes Penny's affections, perhaps because he is already syndicated or maybe simply because he is too flawless. A very large chunk of her heart belongs to Riva Ridge, who after all was the big horse who came along exactly when the family was deciding its future in racing. Also, he is a very nice animal, with the even disposition of his sire, First Landing, and even a few humanlike frailties.

At any rate, while Secretariat poses for pictures outside the barn, Riva reigns within. Recently at Belmont, Penny watched photographers crowd around Secretariat, ignoring Riva. "Secretariat is such a Jayne Mansfield horse," she said in a rare burst of pure emotion. "Well I don't quite mean that, but people see those looks and all those dollar signs." Also in the Belmont barn are two handsome 2-year-old colts: Riva's half-brother Capito, and Secretariat's, called Capital Assets. It is too early to tell yet, but the stable has great hopes for them. Capito, in his first start last week, won impressively at Belmont. They are part of what brings Mrs. Tweedy to an unlooked-for juncture in her life. The Oil Shale Corporation is moving its headquarters to Los Angeles. Jack must go, but Penny has decided—for the time being—to stay on in Long Island with commutes to California.

The decision started divorce rumors around the track which Laurin repeated to Penny. "It's not true," she says. "There may be difficult, busy times, that's all." In fact, Jack Tweedy is delighted at his wife's career. "We are at an age when women take to alcohol, another man, or bridge. This is a hell of a lot better than any of those."

It is just as well that he thinks so. Musing about the future recently, Penny said, "If the others changed their minds and decided to sell The Meadow, I'd take my share in mares and get right back in." And she would. **END**

Family

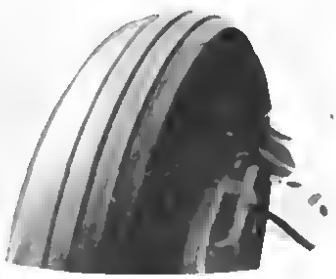
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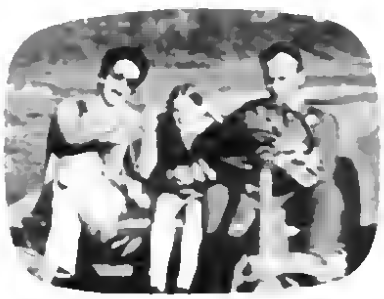
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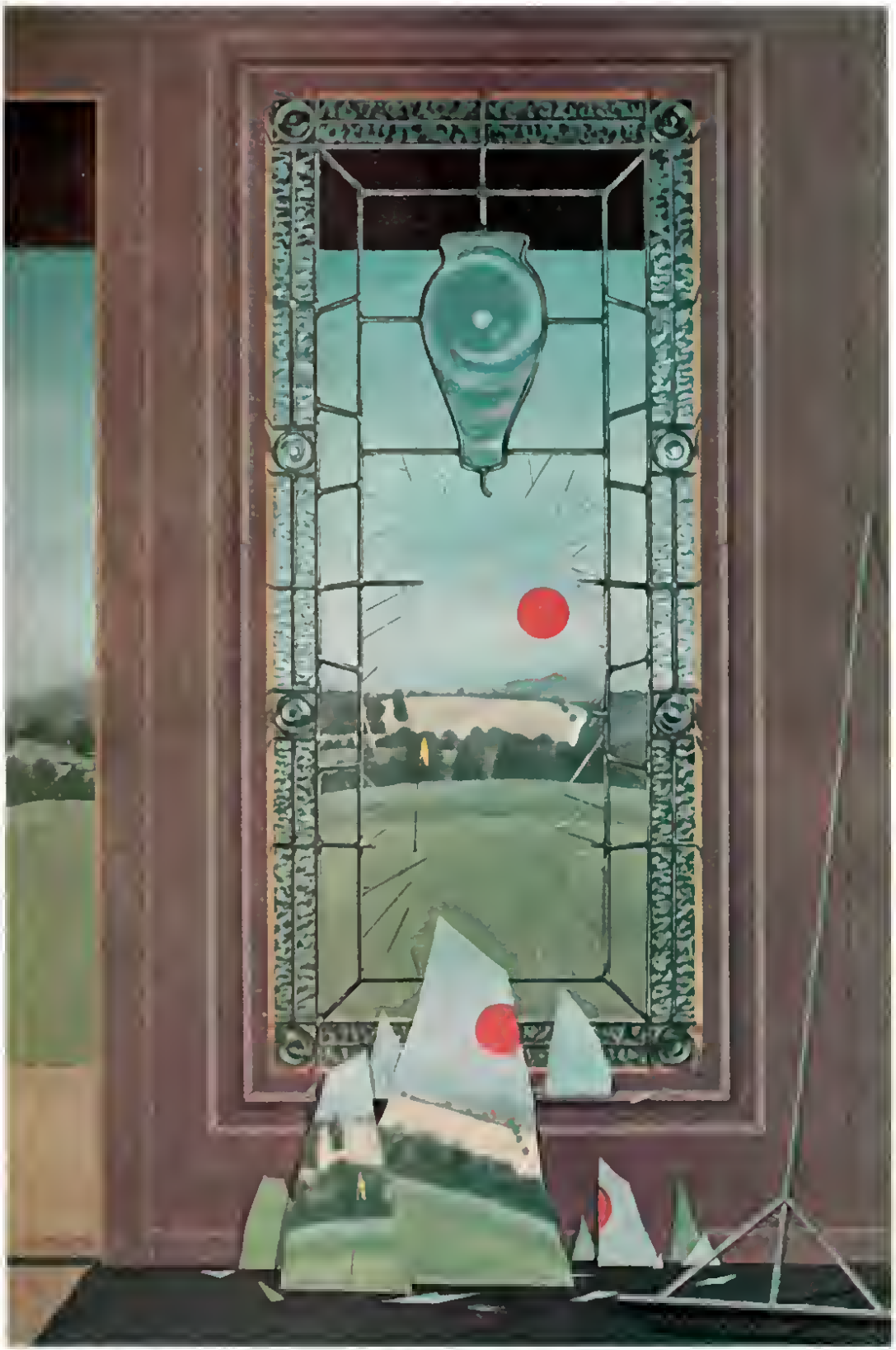
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AN ODDBALL LOOK AT OAKMONT

Belgian surrealist René Magritte (1898-1967) painted in a style calculated to undermine conventional ways of seeing things. "In view of my determination to make the most familiar objects scream aloud," he once wrote of his work, "they had to be disposed in a new order and charged with a vibrant significance." Artist Donald Moss has chosen to look at the Oakmont Country Club near Pittsburgh, site of next week's U.S. Open, as Magritte might have. The result on the next six pages, like Magritte's work itself, can be enchanting or unsettling, but is surely liberating. Following Moss' impressions are a brief history of the old club and a re-creation of the memorable 1962 Open that was held there, the tournament young Jack Nicklaus won — to the everlasting dismay of Arnold Palmer.





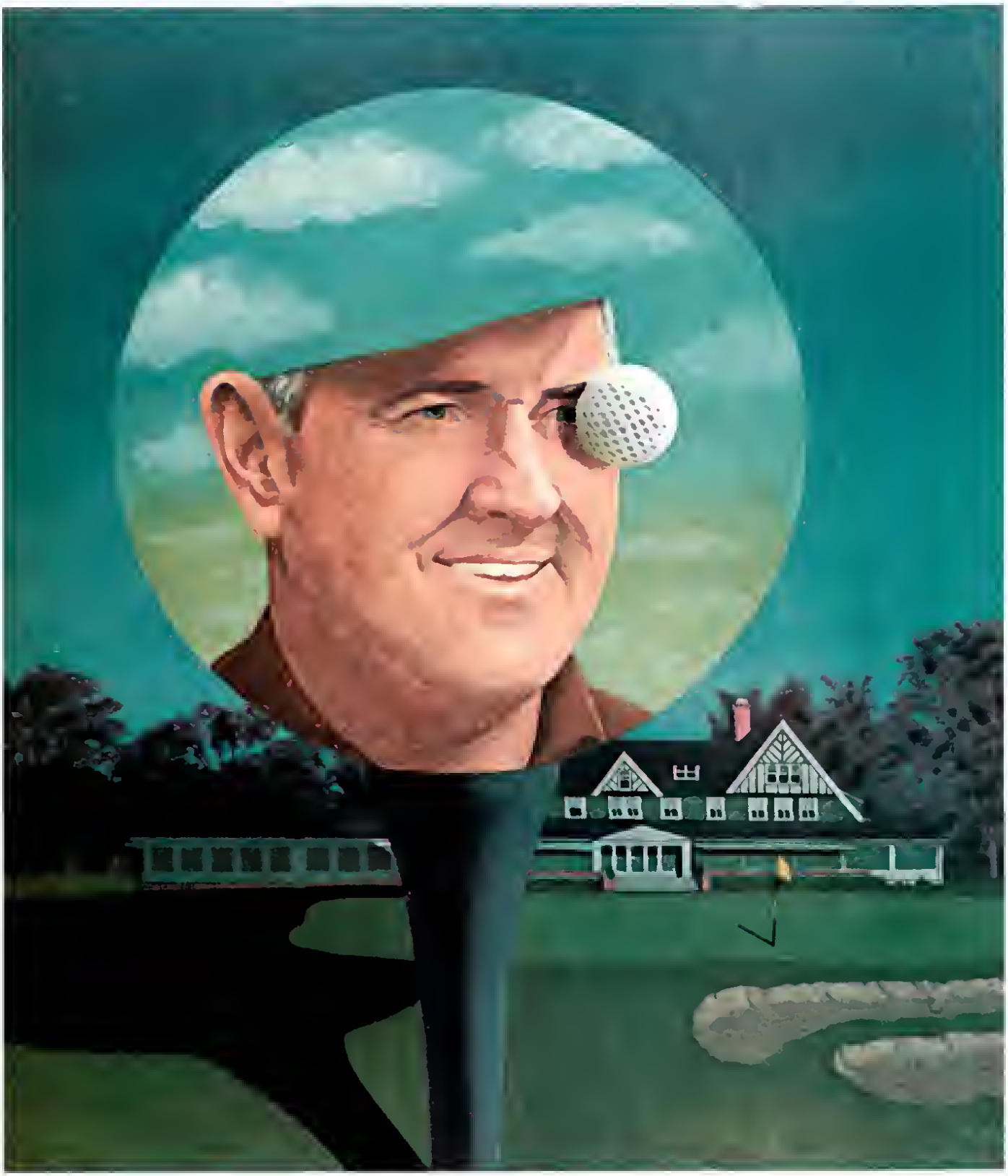
". . . it is the power of enchantment that matters."





". . . it come to me thot objects themselves could ond ought to reveol their existence eloquently. . . ."





THE COURSE THAT DEMANDS AN EYE FOR AN EYE

At the highest point in Oakmont, Pa., straight up Hulton Road from the banks of the Allegheny River, is a gabled, turn-of-the-century clubhouse ringed with pin oaks that now, in their middle age, tower over the sprawling frame building and its red brick chimneys. The trees were set in place 70 years ago when Oakmont Country Club was being laid out as a weekend retreat for 100 prosperous Pittsburgh businessmen who were as serious about their golf as they were about building their fortunes in coke and steel and seamless tubes.

A few things have changed since the club opened in 1904—the resident professional is now a U.S. Open winner, Lew Worsham (*left*), the members no longer arrive by mule-drawn buckboard from the train station at the foot of the hill, a swimming pool has been dug in a corner of the grounds once reserved for tennis-playing ladies in bloomers and middy blouses, and, oh yes, the Pennsylvania Turnpike now runs between the first green and the second tee. But all in all Oakmont retains the flavor of an age when country clubs were in the country and golf was an exotic new enthusiasm of the quite rich.

Henry Clay Fownes was 43 and already a couple of legs up on tycoondom when he played his first round of golf. He was a small, round-faced man with rimless spectacles who must have been more of an athlete than he looked, because two years later he, as well as his 24-year-old son William C. Jr., qualified for the 1901 Amateur in Atlantic City with only one stroke separating them.

Having seen firsthand the best golf America had to offer, the Fowneses returned to Pittsburgh and began to plan a course that would, as closely as possible, resemble a true British course and that would be of a caliber to bring championship events to the area.

But designing the ideal course was one thing, and finding a place to put it was another. An English-style course had to be built on fairly level ground, and the hills of western Pennsylvania seem to roll on forever. It was a friend of the Fowneses, George S. Macrum, who lived in the village of Oakmont, who discovered a 221-acre tract of farmland known as White Oak Level on a gently undulating plateau overlooking the Allegheny and recommended it as a site.

Oakmont at the turn of the century was already becoming a semirural, bedroom suburb of Pittsburgh. A newspaper described it as "remarkable for the number of fine picturesque estates, the homes of cultivated Pittsburghers, successful businessmen, professional lights, or those whom fortune has favored with wealth for which they have not had to struggle." Pittsburgh's cultivated and successful were borne back and forth each day on the Allegheny Valley division of the Pennsylvania Railroad; and if the streets were still unpaved, at least there was a "splendid system of sidewalks."

In September of 1903 some 100 workmen, 25 teams of mules and H.C. Fownes supervising, began laying out the new course, and by October of the following year the clubhouse was completed and Oakmont was ready for play. Par was 80, 40 out and 40 in, with eight par-5s and even a 560-yard par-6. The club tournament on opening day, for which H.C. donated a silver cup, was won by George Macrum, whose 24 handicap gave him a 79. H.C., an eight-handicapper, missed winning his own trophy by four strokes.

The day was a social success, and the *Post*, the *Press* and the *Chronicle Telegraph* printed a gratifying number of superlatives about the quality of the course, the membership and the eclectic decor of the clubhouse. But it was the man from the *Post* who caught the true significance of the event: "... it is very much within the probabilities that more than one tournament for the American championship will be decided there."

In 1904 the "American championship" was the Amateur, and there have been four of those at Oakmont as well as three PGA championships. But first and last Oakmont is an Open course, the quintessential Open course, revered for its history and notorious for its difficulty. Through four decades, the conditioning and refining of Oakmont's tortures was the charge of William C. Jr. who had become the best of the golfing Fowneses—he won the Amateur in 1910. He and Emil Loeffler, an early greenkeeper and later the club pro, altered and pampered and groomed the course with one guiding principle in mind. "A shot poorly played should be a shot irrevocably lost," as W.C. put it.

To that end they raked the heavy river sand of the bunkers in furrows four inches deep. Even Bobby Jones, who lost the Amateur at Oakmont in 1919 but won it there in 1925, thought this was too severe, and Jones was no whiner. The membership, though, was proud of this unique feature of the course and protested when the USGA pressed for a change. W.C.'s ghost may have moaned in the clubhouse attic, but the USGA won out and the furrowing was abandoned for Ben Hogan's Open in 1953. Even so, bunkers, 187 of them, remain a dominating feature of the course.

Then there are the greens. It has been said that putting at Oakmont is like putting down a flight of marble steps and trying to make the ball stop halfway. The grass is the same South German bent mixture that H.C. planted in 1903, and it is always cut to $\frac{5}{32}$ of an inch, even closer than the USGA requires for its championships. The greens are true because there is no grain, but they roll and tilt and are so fast that Sam Snead claims his ball marker once slid downhill. In the first Open at Oakmont in 1927 Leo Diegel putted completely off the 15th green and into a bunker.

However, in spite of anguished protestations and the passage of time, and even though tees have been altered and bunkers have come and gone as the game has changed, H.C.'s basic layout and W.C.'s stern philosophy have seen the old course through from gutta-percha to graphite. The small, round-faced man and his son, the American champion, did their work well.

SARAH PILEGGI

ARNIE OPENED THE CAGE AND...

. . . out came The Bear. The scene was Oakmont and the 1962 Open. Palmer was king and Jack Nicklaus was a winless young pro, but suddenly a five-stroke lead vanished and the world changed ***by DAN JENKINS***



PUTTS LIKE THIS DETHRONED PALMER

All of this was before the Fat Bear became Golden Jack, before the floral shirt and the buckled shoe, before Supermex, flared pants and the hydrogen shaft, before Arnold Palmer needed eyeglasses; back there in those wonderfully serene and uncomplicated days when they could play a golf tournament and if it were important enough to Winnie and the girls, or Mark McCormack, or Dwight Eisenhower, or Bob Hope, then this army would mobilize—*the* Army—and it would go out and win it for the only golfer in town. The Army would do it by assembling as a group of 20,000 rioters from a strike at the mines and it would holler, "Heee, haaa, go get 'em, Arnie, kill, ravage, plunder," and their man would grin appreciatively, hitch up his trousers, smoke a carton of filter tips and respond, usually on Sunday at dusk, by sinking another incorrigible putt. This is about the week when it all began to stop happening, a week that changed golf forever.

Everyone with a sense of golfing history knew in 1962 when the U.S. Open returned to goofy old Oakmont that something unique, something utterly fanciful, might occur. It always had. On a course like Oakmont, a place with a sort of grotesque charm, what with its lack of water hazards coupled with its satin greens, hidden ditches and furrowed bunkers, unaccountable things were encouraged to happen. Oakmont had been the course where Bobby Jones in 1927 had played his worst Open, where Tommy Armour won that same summer with a 301, the first over-300 winning total in eight years, where in 1935 golf's alltime super unknown, Sam Parks Jr., had managed to beat, among others, Walter Hagen, who in that hour made his last serious bid (he finished third) for one more major championship. And finally, Oakmont had been the course where in 1953 Ben Hogan had won his last Open, that being the season of Hogan's triple crown—the Masters, the American and British Opens—the nearest thing we have yet seen to a pro's Grand Slam.

So this was Oakmont, an odd and eerie place with its huge lightning greens and multiplicity of evil sand pits; a course smothered in history, a rolling land of ghosts, a place that had produced both comedy and greatness, most of the laughter coming from Oakmont's members watching the pros try to putt the greens and dig out of the traps. And there was one thing more about Oakmont in 1962. It was located right there in Arnold Palmer's backyard when he was the real Arnold Palmer. That the real Palmer could have lost this Open the way he did, practically at home and on the greens, and that he could have lost it to the kid who beat him, a pre-diet and pre-fluff dry Jack Nicklaus who had not won a professional tournament, seemed at the time to be another of Oakmont's tiny amusements. But so it went, and as we now know, so went the sport.

In the 11 years that have passed since the Nicklaus-Palmer Open of 1962, or roughly in the decade between Oakmont's last Open and the one it will stage next week, Jack Nicklaus not only trimmed down, dressed up, let his hair grow and got handsome, he took four Masters titles to Palmer's one, two PGAs to Palmer's none, two British Opens to Palmer's one, and added two more U.S. Opens to his count, making an overall total of 10 major championships to Palmer's two during this period. Their career total incidentally, is now 13 for Nicklaus (tied with Jones) to eight for Palmer.

If this is not evidence enough that the torch has passed, having been lit at Oakmont, then consider that over the same period of time Nicklaus has won 60-odd other tournaments in America and elsewhere, which is about 20 more than Palmer, and has banked at least half a million dollars more in tour money.

To fully absorb the significance of the

'62 Open and what it meant to both Jack and Arnold, if not the golfing world, one has only to remember what each player was at the time and what he represented. Quite simply, Palmer was America's darling, while Nicklaus was the fat kid with the blond crew cut, a platoon leader in the ROTC.

Arnold Palmer was never more idolized than he was going into that very week at Oakmont. He was young (32), energetic, virile, human and a winner. Television and an adoring press had made him not only popular and familiar to millions of nongolfers but he had become something of a worldwide sporting Beatle. In the way he swung at the ball, which was rather badly, he personified the American notion that hard work, sweat, confidence, optimism and a good wife paid off in fame and riches. In those days Palmer seemed always to win or nearly win. And when he lost it was as if his public just hadn't cheered loudly enough, or the event was not that important. All alone, it was Arnold Palmer who had doubled the tournament purses, increased television coverage of golf, revitalized the British Open, thought up the modern Grand Slam and taken the game to other parts of the globe. To top it off, Palmer had just won another Masters (his third), he had six major titles now, he was talking about the Slam, and Oakmont was home. His game was at its peak and the record crowds would be all his. At Oakmont, he would win. Somehow, Palmer knew it and the world knew it. He might have to slash his way through an evergreen along the way, or bounce one off a caddie's jawbone, but he would perspire and chain-smoke and one way or another he would summon a charge, that curious thing he kept reading about, and it would be magic time again.

Meanwhile, Jack Nicklaus was something else. He was hardly the Golden Bear, for one thing. Actually, he was the Red Bull. Red in the round, baby-sullen face and red on the meat-hook arms. He wasn't really fat. He just seemed fat, looking like an offensive tackle for Woody Hayes who took up golf. Most people did not know how to pronounce his name. They called him Nick-louse, Nick-lows and Nick-loss, no puns intended.

Jack's reputation as an amateur had been the grandest since Lawson Little in the '30s. He had twice won the U.S. Amateur on classic courses, Pebble Beach and Broadmoor, and he had annihilated Merion, another relic of distinction, by shooting 269 in a World Amateur. He had even been a force in the Open already. In the two Opens preceding Oakmont, the one at Cherry Hills in 1960 and the one at Oakland Hills in 1961, he had finished second and fourth.

Back at Cherry Hills, the Open Palmer won, Nicklaus, then only 20, wound up only two strokes back although he three-putted *nine* times. Most remember that it was Ben Hogan who lost that Open when he hit a wedge into a pond on the 71st hole while he was tied with Arnold for the lead. But they did not hear what Hogan said later. Ben had been paired with Nicklaus throughout the final 36 holes at Denver.

"If I were a kid named Nicklaus, I'd feel worse than I do," said Hogan. "I watched him lose this Open by six strokes through inexperience."

That was Jack Nicklaus, the amateur, still a student at Ohio State. But now at Oakmont he had been a professional for six months and he had not won a tournament. The tremendous potential was there, sure. But where? When? Perhaps a tour regular, Don January, had been right a year earlier at the PGA in Chicago when he sat in the locker room at Olympia Fields and answered a question about Nicklaus.

"He's a great amateur," said January. "But if he really thinks he can play, let him come out *here*."

Well, here he was. Although Nicklaus had not yet won a tour event, his presence was certainly felt. He had been in the money in every tournament he had entered; in fact, he had already won almost $30,000, which was then a record for a rookie, and the season was not half over. And he had arrived at Oakmont fresh from a second-place finish in the Thunderbird the previous week. None of this made him happy, of course, for this was a young man of fierce am-

continued



AFTER THEIR PLAYOFF, THE WINNER AND NEW CHAMPION CONSOLED A DEJECTED EX

bition, as we would come to realize.

"You know how long anybody remembers who finished second?" Jack said then. "About 30 minutes. It's killing me that I haven't won."

This was on Tuesday evening June 12, 1962, the last practice day at Oakmont, as it happened, since the place would get drenched with rain all Wednesday. It was almost 7:30, past the dinner hour for most competitors, when Nicklaus got up from a table where he had been resting after eight solid hours of practice.

"There's still some daylight," he said. "I can get in a few more holes. I've got to go back out to 12. It bugs me."

Jack Nicklaus, alone, except for his caddie, went back out on Oakmont and played the last seven holes in four under par. He slept better. He knew he was ready.

Arnold Palmer had not gone back out. Palmer knew Oakmont better than anyone. He had played the course maybe 100 times. Still, he was impressed with Nicklaus' energy and drive. It reminded him of his own.

"Everybody says there's only one favorite, and that's me," said Arnold. "But you'd better watch the fat boy. He'll drive it over these bunkers, and even if he gets in the rough, it's better to be in there with a seven-iron than a four-iron."

Yes, they were saying that kind of thing about Nicklaus even then.

The first round of the Nicklaus-Palmer Open began the way most U.S. Opens do. Right away, somebody named William Markham of Saginaw, Mich. was two under going to the 9th hole. There, William Markham made a seven, and that was that. Next came J. C. Goosie. He was three under going to the 16th but made three consecutive bogeys, never recovered, and staggered onward to a tie for 33rd. Then there was Bob Rosburg. He suddenly turned up three under going to the 15th, but he bogeyed twice going in. Rosburg got it back the next day with a 69, which tied him for the halfway lead—with Palmer—but that was it. He closed with 74-79 on "Open Saturday," winding up 13th.

A young Bobby Nichols looked like a force that would not go away. He was one under the first day, stayed close with a 72, shot a fine 70 in the morning on Saturday—which gave him a share of the 54-hole lead—again with Arnold—but he lost by two with a last-round 73. And then there was Gene Littler, the defender. He started out at Oakmont the way he had ended up at Oakland Hills the year before, explosively. Littler holed out a 100-yard shot at the 9th hole for an eagle 3 and played on to a 69, which led. But he had no more luck and tied for eighth. Finally, the only other minor character who had a chance to turn Oakmont into something more than a personal drama between Nicklaus and Palmer was Phil Rodgers. Had he been able to avoid two colossal disasters, he would have won.

On Thursday, Rodgers went to the 17th, a short par 4 that could be driven from the tee by some, at one under. Here, however, he hooked into a tiny evergreen and had to get down on his knees to poke at the ball, which he did. Four times. Result: eight. Eight blows on an easy par 4. Then, in the second round, Rodgers four-putted the 10th for a double-bogey 6, but he still shot a 70. He played ahead to a splendid 285, tying Nichols for third, but he had wasted six strokes on only two holes out of the first 36 and he could not make them up. "Want to shake hands with a dunce?" said Rodgers, who would forever think of Oakmont as *his* Open, Nicklaus and Palmer be damned.



JACK AND BARBARA HAVE BEEN SMILING EVER SINCE

While this was spellbinding enough, it did not attract the interest of the hordes. They were with Palmer all the way, and Palmer, as it turned out, was with Nicklaus through the first two rounds, an ingenious bit of pairing on the part of destiny and the USGA. So what the hordes were treated to, from the very start, was epic.

All Nicklaus did was birdie the first three holes. Just like that. And all Palmer did was make a double bogey at the 2nd. So after three holes of this 1962 Open, Nicklaus was five strokes ahead of Palmer. From there on, of course, the crowds began to feel that Arnold needed more whooping, and Nicklaus needed some booing. Eventually, Arnold reacted. He did that old Palmer thing—scoring thunderous birdies at the 14th, 15th and 17th coming home to save his round in par 71 and, in fact, lead Nicklaus by a stroke. The king was still the king.

And on Friday, although Arnold's putter was acting up, he looked the king. Driving beautifully and throwing just about every iron into the fat of the greens—playing the best golf of his career, tee to green, in fact—Palmer shot a 68, the day's low, and assumed command of the tournament. He was tied with Rosburg, whom no one took seriously, and Nicklaus was three behind. Then came the agony and bliss of Saturday morning's round.

"I love this course and these greens but I'm putting with a wet noodle," Palmer was saying. With reason. Nothing would drop, neither the short birdies nor the short pars. No matter how loud and rowdy his Army became, no matter how peculiarly the Army twisted its bodies in hope and prayer, the putts curled away or hung on the lips of the cups. "These people are rooting for me so hard, maybe I'm trying too hard," said Palmer.

The biggest explosion of the whole week came at the 17th Saturday morning, the site of Phil Rodgers' debacle. Palmer needed a birdie on one of the last two holes to move into a tie with Nichols. The 17th was obviously his best chance. He could drive the green, a mere 292 yards away. Which he did, wonderfully. To within 18 feet of the pin, an eagle

continued

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putt. His fans cheered him all the way to the green, cheered as he marked his ball, cheered as he removed his glove. Then they hushed, a tightened, defiant hush, as if they would kill anyone who so much as cleared his throat. The putt dropped, and it was madness. Wild roars were followed by people dashing off in all directions shouting such things as, "Arnie's got the lead, he's got it, he's got it, aaaaahhhaaaa, geeeee, daaaaa."

Palmer crushed his drive on the 18th and crushed an approach to within five feet of the pin, two masterful shots. This birdie putt would surely drop, and Arnold would take a two-stroke lead into the afternoon. It was a crummy five-footer, and he had missed so many of those the law of averages was with him if nothing else. No problem. Besides, there had never been a greeting like this one on 18 for any golfer, ever. Palmer was not one to let down his hordes in a moment like this.

A horror occurred, nonetheless. Arnold not only missed the birdie putt, he missed a two-footer coming back—a shocking bogey. As he said later, "I think I expected it to go in by itself."

No one gave much thought to it at the time, but Nicklaus had quietly played to a 72 and was only two strokes back of Palmer, with the last round to come. Indeed, 10 players were bunched within four strokes. But so what? Ten players were always bunched within four strokes in the last hours of an Open and nine of them would fall into a creek. Everybody but Ben Hogan. And now Palmer. It was Arnold's tournament for sure.

By actual turnstile count there were 24,492 at Oakmont that Saturday afternoon—a new record—and each one appeared to be wearing an ARNIE'S ARMY button. He got them off flying with birdies on two of the first four holes. Go get 'em Arnie. Through the 6th hole he held a two-stroke lead on the field, and a whopping five-stroke lead on Jack Nicklaus.

What happened next was not to be comprehended, especially by the Army. In the span of seven holes, from the 7th through the 13th, Nicklaus picked up those five strokes on Palmer, even though he was at the further disadvantage (the other being the crowd) of playing directly in front of Arnold and not knowing what Palmer might do. Jack blazed over those holes in three under. In the meantime Palmer was particularly done in by a pushover par 5, the 9th.

At the 9th, coming up to the clubhouse, Palmer drove well and then smashed a three-wood pin high just off the edge of the green. But just off the edge meant his ball was in the thick collar that the USGA likes to have around its Open greens. The shot required some care, and Palmer gave it none. He barely moved the ball. His fourth was poor, and he two-putted for a bogey, right there on a hole that was almost a gimme birdie. When he then three-putted the 13th—his eighth three-putt of the tournament compared to only one for Jack—they were tied.

Over the last five holes either man

continue

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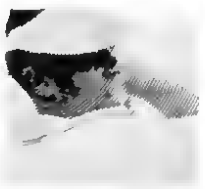
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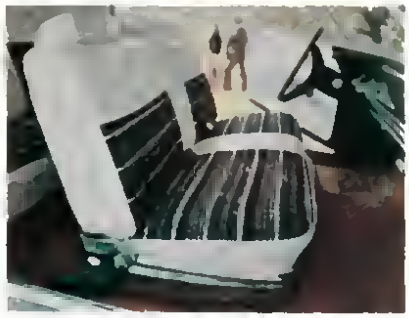
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could have won with a single birdie but neither got one. Nicklaus, in fact, had to struggle desperately to save pars at the 16th and 17th. He hunkered down over a couple of four-footers on those holes and stood there forever before bulling them in. It was as if he had looked back at Arnold and said, "I'm giving you nothing. If you want it, make a putt."

Palmer did not. Even though he had nice birdie chances at the 17th, a five-footer, and the 18th, a curling 10-footer, they refused to drop. They caught the edges, they looked in, they would not disappear. Palmer could scarcely believe it himself. In 72 holes he had missed only four fairways and he had hit 63 greens in regulation, the best anyone had ever played in the Open. Despite all his bad putting he had shot 283, the same total Ben Hogan had won with nine years earlier. He had, quite simply, been magnificent. But Jack Nicklaus had tied him.

"What difference does it make, Arnold?" Doug Ford said to Palmer in the clubhouse. "You're gonna win it anyhow. It'll just take you a day longer." Palmer frowned at that. By now it had sunk in that Oakmont was not doing him any favors, and neither was Nicklaus.

The playoff could hardly have been expected to measure up to all of the drama that created it. Palmer started out putting poorly again, as if he expected to, and through six holes Nicklaus, at two under, was four strokes on top. Strangely enough, Nicklaus even had rounded up some vocal support. They might have all been family, they might have been underdog bettors, or they might have been Columbus types summoned in the night. In any case, they were present in their Buckeye reds, challenging the Army.

Momentarily, Palmer made the kind of move he had so often in the past. He birdied the 9th, the 11th and the 12th, narrowing the margin to one shot. But there it ended. At the 13th he three-putted again—for the 10th time in the championship—and the Fat Bear or Golden Jack needed nothing more than this cushion to glide home easily, winning 71 to 74. Nicklaus not only won, he did it convincingly. He outdrove Palmer, and then stuck the irons inside of him and then outputted him. In the Open. In Palmer territory. Listening to the jeers most of the way.

Nicklaus has said since, "I never thought of it in terms of beating Arnold. I was trying to win the Open. If I had ever given a thought to trying to *dethrone* anybody, I'd have probably shot 80."

That night as Palmer stood in the Oakmont parking lot and watched his clubs being put in the trunk of his car, a newspaperman told him, "You just joined a select club. Hogan, Snead, Nelson, Jones, Vardon, Sarazen: they all lost an Open playoff, too. Look at it this way. Even when you lose, you do something great."

"Thanks a hell of a lot," said Palmer.

Then he forced a grin and added, "I'll tell you something. Now that the big guy's out of the cage, everybody better run for cover." **END**



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Part 3: Women in Sport

The limited access of girls to athletics—which teach boys the values of aggressiveness and winning—may be one reason why females often are underachievers. Now the second sex is tired of being . . .

PROGRAMMED TO BE LOSERS

by BIL GILBERT and NANCY WILLIAMSON

The arguments most often used to justify discrimination against women in sports—that athletics are bad for their health and femininity, that women are not skillful enough or interested in playing games—have on the surface a nice paternalistic, even altruistic, quality. Recent studies indicate such assumptions are incorrect and self-serving nonsense. It simply happens to be in the best interest of the male athletic establishment to maintain the existing situation. Anything beyond token sexual equality in athletics represents a formidable threat to male pride and power. "The status of the female athlete is not something implicit in the nature of the female but rather a manifestation of the ego of the male," says Dr. Ken Foreman, the head of the Seattle Pacific College physical education department and a track coach. "Males simply cannot tolerate a serious challenge from a woman."

Any discussion of collective egos is tricky and extremely speculative. But there are numerous incidents that suggest, at least in competitive sports, the masculinity of males is a more tender and perishable commodity than the femininity of females.

• Charles Maas, secretary of the Indiana State Coaches Association, commented glumly on a recent decision by his state's Supreme Court permitting girls to compete with boys in noncontact sports, such as golf, tennis, track and swimming: "There is the possibility that a boy would be beaten by a girl and as a result be ashamed to face his family and friends. I wonder if anybody has stopped to think what that could do to a young boy."

• Ellen Cornish, a senior at Frederick (Md.) High School, is one of the best distance runners among American women, good enough to have been

continued




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a member of the U S cross-country team that took part in the 1971 world championship. Though she has represented her country, Cornish never has been able to compete for her school. The reasons are the usual ones. Frederick High has no girls' track program and Cornish has not been able to run on the boys' team even though she regularly has better times in practice than most of the boys. In the spring of 1972 arrangements were made for Cornish to enter a two-mile event in a dual meet between Frederick and Thomas Johnson High School. She was to compete on an exhibition basis, that is, any points she won would not count in the meet score. As things turned out, she was handicapped in an even more obvious and effective way. At the end of the seventh lap of the race, with Cornish fighting for the lead, she was pulled off the track, according to a previous agreement between the coaches. This was done to protect the male runners from the morale-shattering possibility of being beaten by a girl, a possibility that was probable.

• Several years ago Becky Birchmore won a place on the University of Georgia men's tennis team and played in Southeastern Conference matches. Since then, Dan Magill, Georgia's tennis coach, has had time to mull over the Birchmore matter and he now regrets that Birchmore was allowed to play against men. "I used her against Auburn one time," says Magill, "and she won. The boy she beat was embarrassed to death. It ruined him. I really wish I hadn't done it."

Male defensiveness about female athletic prowess is not restricted to head-to-head confrontations. Accomplished women athletes, even when they are competing against one another, seem to ruffle the psyches of many men. That there are many women athletes superior to men is indisputable. There surely are a hundred or so male tennis players who could defeat Billie Jean King, but there are hundreds of thousands who would be fortunate to win a set from King. The same situation prevails in most sports. "For obvious reasons it is often the more sedentary, unathletic, spectator-oriented man who has the most derogatory things to say about outstanding sportswomen," says Ken Foreman.

A frequent ploy used to maintain the illusion of total male athletic superiority is to compliment a skillful woman by saying, "She plays almost like a man." (There is a barb in the compliment—the insinuation that this babe's hormones are probably so weird that she is or nearly is a man.) Not long ago a male coach commented on the style of Micki King, the only American diver to win a gold medal at the Munich Olympics. The coach said King "dives like a man," a statement that drew a sharp comment from Jack Scott, the athletic director of Oberlin College: "My reaction on reading the quote was that she sure as hell does not dive like me or any other man I ever met. In fact, she does not dive like 99% of the men in America. What she obviously does is dive *correctly*."

Just as many men feel menaced by the athletic activities of women, many organizations are becoming nervous over the rising expectations of women in sport. Long-standing by-and-for-male principles are being threatened, as are by-and-for-male budgets. "I know the men who head the high school athletic associations in all 50 states, and I don't think there are more than three or four of them who genuinely want to see a girls' program comparable to that of boys'," says Wayne Cooley, the aggressive director of the Iowa Girls' High School Athletic Union. "Some are hostile, a more common attitude is apathy. Right now some state associations are getting a lot of heat from parents and from courts, so they are putting in token programs for girls. They will hire a woman assistant who is not aggressive and schedule a few so-called state championships and then they let the whole thing go."

The bedrock reason for this institutional fear—and the fierce resistance to improving girls' athletics—has been pinpointed by Harvard's Dr. Clayton Thomas. "Women traditionally have not been allowed the same share of funds for athletics and recreational equipment. The appearance of girls' teams to utilize sports facilities not previously required by them will have great economic impact on schools, colleges and communities. If, by some miracle, women suddenly began using public and private athletic facilities to even half the extent they are used by men, then the overcrowding would be catastrophic."

Whether or not the situation would be a catastrophe depends on one's outlook. But a marked increase in participation by girls and women certainly would bring about radical change. Most organized sport in the U S. falls into three categories, that which is sponsored by colleges and universities, by public-school systems and by community recreation organizations. It is a guess—and probably a conservative one—that no more than 1% of all college and university athletic funds are spent on women. In junior and senior high schools, girls get perhaps 5% of the funds and facilities. In community recreation programs the figure may be as high as 20%. If females were given as little as 25% of the resources, the shape of the American athletic system would be altered far more drastically than it could be by all the designated pinch hitters, franchise shifters, NCAA rulemakers and carping reporters rolled together.

If they found it necessary to provide something more than token programs for girls and women, athletic executives would have only two alternatives. The first would be to raise funds to be used for women's facilities, coaching salaries and other operating expenses. But faced with financial crises and taxpayers' revolts, most schools and communities are looking for ways to decrease sports expenditures, not increase them. Therefore, the prospects of upping athletic budgets by an across-the-board 25% are slim to nonexistent. So the only practical way to finance substantial new programs for girls is to take resources from the programs now operated for the benefit of males.

The present system is able to function

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as it does—providing elaborate, perhaps even excessive, facilities for boys and men—only because half the population has been excluded from participating. But most of the funds are public ones, contributed by both men and women, and in this rests the seed of the change that may come.

What many athletic administrators fear is what has happened in Iowa City. In the spring of 1971 some parents and daughters there began protesting against sexual discrimination in the athletic programs of the city school system. (Until last year the larger cities in the state had held out against rural Iowa's unique program that has brought sexual equality in athletics to the small towns.) There were only two competitive sports for girls in Iowa City schools, tennis and swimming. Officials did not know, or would not say, how much money was being spent on the girls' program, but it was known that some $60,000 a year was devoted to boys' sports. The athletic director of the school system, Robert White, said that nothing could be done to change the situation. He said all available funds and facilities were being used. The parents' group did not accept this answer and engaged an American Civil Liberties Union lawyer. In the fall of 1971 the school board, under legal pressure, agreed to allot $2,000 more for girls' sports and sponsor additional teams in gymnastics and golf. This token victory did not satisfy parents, and the battle has continued. If there is only X amount of funds available for sports, the parents and their legal advisers say, then the girls are entitled to something approaching one half X dollars. If the only way this sum can be collected is to take it from existing boys' programs—then so be it.

At one point during the controversy, White admitted that his athletic department had a cash reserve of some $4,500 that was being held "for a rainy day." This prompted a school board member to remark, "It looks like the precipitation is about to fall."

It appears that many institutions and agencies are in for a spell of wet weather. The discriminatory regulations of high school athletic associations in California, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York and Ohio have been or are being challenged in the courts. In all but a very few cases judges have sided with the women and ordered that existing practices be changed.

But an even worse storm is brewing. The U.S. Education Amendments of 1972 include an adjunct labeled Title IX. Title IX *forbids* sex discrimination in any institutions using federal funds (the majority of schools in the country). A young, brisk lawyer named Gwen Gregory, who works in the Office for Civil Rights of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, is charged with drawing up government guidelines for the implementation of Title IX. Gregory's overwhelming concern at the present time is the sex discrimination in sport.

"We have been talking to individuals who are concerned about the problem," Gregory says. "Two approaches have been suggested. The first is backed by the more active women's groups. They feel we should push for straight equality. That is, if a school plays football, then any girl who is interested should be permitted to try out for that team. Legally, of course, that is the easiest approach." It is also the approach that would most please male coaches. If the fight is made on the grounds of strict equality, it will give champions of the status quo a beautiful defensive opening. For example, an athletic director would open the football team to girls. When none or only an occasional girl came out for the team he could then say, in all honesty, that he had done his best. So far as girls' soccer or field hockey was concerned, he could argue that there was no need for such programs since girls had the same opportunity as boys to play football.

"Many people are opposed to this plan," says Lawyer Gregory. "Because there seems to be a real difference in physical abilities between men and women, equal mixed competition presents problems. The other approach calls for facilities and funds to be more or less equally divided between the sexes. If, for instance, you have football for boys, then you should have soccer or field hockey, say, for girls, and these teams should be given equivalent support.

"One of the big hangups in this is that 'separate but equal' is a dirty phrase to anyone involved in civil rights. Realistically, separate but equal may be the best answer in athletics. But," concludes Gregory, "there is no doubt about the need for equality or the fact that it does not exist now."

The HEW Department's plan to deal with sex discrimination in sports probably will be completed in July. Then the Feds will be ready and apparently willing to go into action. "I presume," says Gregory, "we will proceed as we have in other civil rights cases. That is, we will act on complaints submitted to us."

Which reduces the issue to the following dialogue:

"You mean if there is a school where they spent $30,000 on boys' sports and $500 on girls' sports and a girl or her parents don't like the situation, she can complain to you?"

"Exactly."

"And where should the complaint be sent?"

"The address is: Director, Office for Civil Rights, Department of HEW, Washington, D.C. 20201."

"And then what might happen?"

"Based on past procedures we would first try to determine if the allegations were substantially correct. If they were, we would initiate conversations with the school involved. Often nothing more than this is necessary."

"But if talking did not produce any action, what would happen?"

"Our final recourse is to recommend that federal funds be withheld from the institution until the discriminatory situation is cleared up."

"And this might happen in the case of a school that discriminated against girls in athletics?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

The women's liberation movement has stirred up interest in athletic equality even though the most active women's rightists have paid little attention to sport. The most aggressive leaders of the movement have been more cerebral than physical types. Robin Morgan, a poet, editor and former child actress (Dagmar in the TV series *Mama*), is what is often called a radical feminist. She was a founder of WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell) and an organizer of the anti-Miss America demonstrations. "We were slow getting into sports because many of us didn't know the field," says Morgan. "But now the movement is becoming active in this area. We've become conscious of the body. It is a woman's right to control her body, be it wanting an abortion or wanting to strengthen it through sports."

Another far more conservative group, women physical education teachers, is

continued

beginning to agitate, if in a very genteel way, for better girls' athletic programs. In the past many members of this profession have been strongly opposed to females taking part in competitive sports. Until a decade ago the Division for Girls' and Women's Sports, a National Education Association affiliate made up of female physical educators, advised against interscholastic sports. Though this bias has been abolished as an official policy, many older DGWS members now teaching in schools remain cool toward out-of-gym-class games for girls.

"This profession is still dominated by women of my age group [fortyish]," says an active leader in physical-education affairs who for obvious reasons wishes to remain anonymous. "A good many of these people still are afraid of what competition will do to girls. I think they also are afraid of what competition will do to them. For years they have had easy jobs. They bring in the girls for a class, let them spend 15 minutes putting on their gym suits, then spend 15 minutes with some ladylike archery or volleyball, and the last 15 minutes of the period are devoted to taking a shower. Marks are given out on the basis of how often a girl remembers to bring her gym suit and how well she showers.

"These women, who have been sitting on their fannies for years, know that if girls' teams are organized, they are going to be expected to coach them. They are going to have to go out after school and compete for the girls' interest, compete against band, the dramatic club, boys and all the rest. Also, if they are going to coach, they are going to have to teach the girls something. As coaches, they themselves are going to be judged, because at the heart of competitive sports there is the win-lose situation, how well you do. All of which terrifies women who have not been challenged or challenged anybody in a long time. Many of the older teachers are retiring and their places are being taken by girls who have an interest in competitive sports and may even have been competitors themselves. Girls in their '20s now entering teaching are much more aggressive. They enjoy the risks that go along with sports."

To give the devil his due, not all men are chauvinists when it comes to women's athletics. Men who by accident or design have come to be coaches of women's teams—Ken Foreman in Washington, Harmon Brown in California, Doyle Weaver in Texas, Ed Temple in Tennessee, Jack Griffin in Maryland—and many others are effective campaigners for improved girls' programs. Throughout the country there are a number of school administrators who believe that improving girls' sports is desirable and necessary. One is James Bergene, principal of the 2,000-student C.M. Russell High School in Great Falls, Mont. Bergene feels that his $15,000 girls' program needs to be upgraded. "If athletics have a place in education, then they are as important for girls as boys," he says. "If they have no general educational value, if they are just something for boys and to entertain townspeople and alumni, then we should get rid of them. Any principal who is willing to support a strong boys' athletic program and is content to have a weak girls' one has no business calling himself an educator."

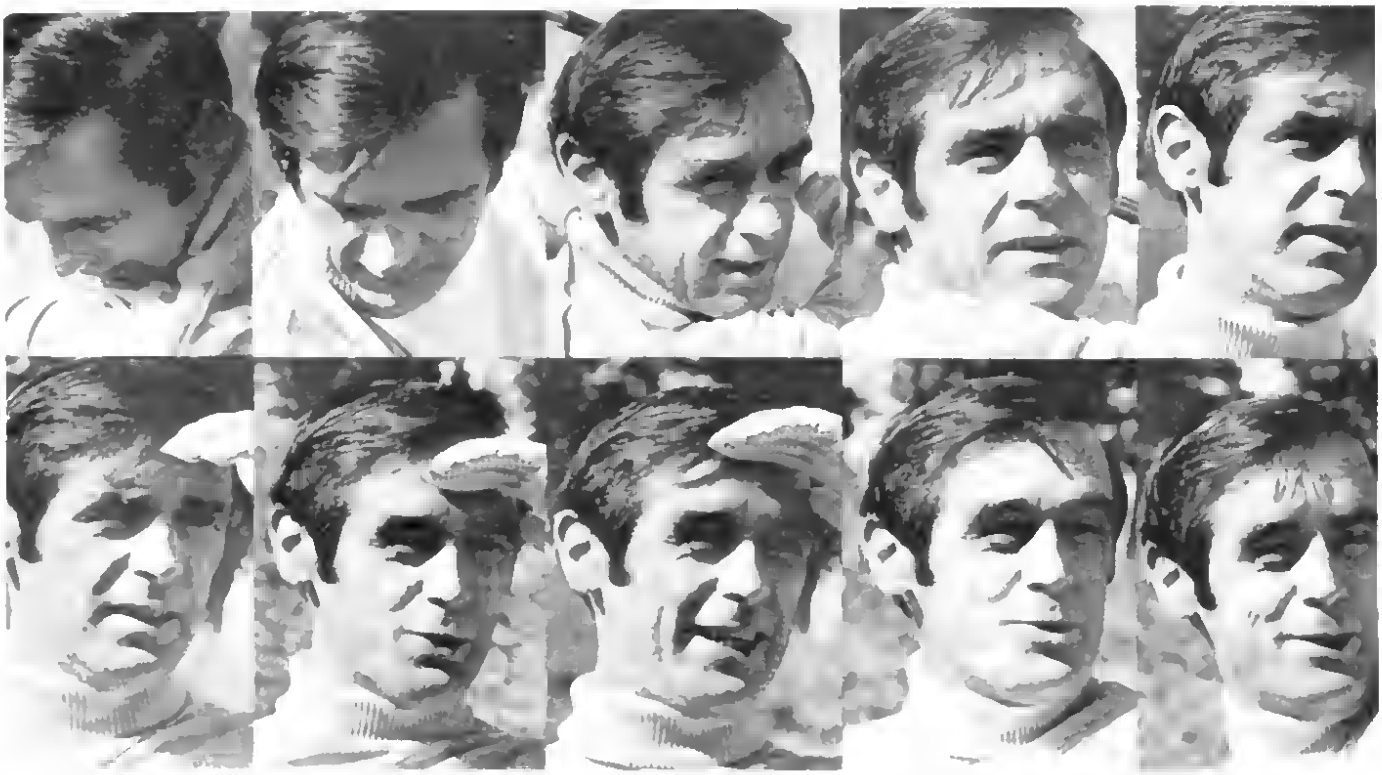
Jack Manley, the athletic director at Catonsville (Md.) Community College, holds similar notions. "We have eight girls' teams here and 10 for the men. Except for that difference, we divide everything down the middle. Men and women coaches are paid the same for the same sports. The girls get the same kind of uniforms and equipment. They travel the same way that the men do and get the same use of the same practice facilities. In fact, the biggest single expense we've had since I've been here [1959] is the $3,400 we spent this February to send our girls' volleyball team to Utah for the college championship. Some men on our staff said I was crazy to spend that kind of money on girls. I told them it was an honor for our girls to be good enough to play in the championship against big schools. After all, the chances aren't very good that our men's teams will ever compete against the likes of USC or Kansas."

Catonsville is one of an increasing number of small colleges experimenting with intentionally mixed teams, i.e., squads which, by regulation, have so many girls and so many boys. Its intercollegiate badminton and bowling teams are organized in this way, and the tennis and golf squads soon may be. It is a relatively simple administrative maneuver that might do more to bring about sexual equality in high school and college athletics than an army of lawyers. "Forget all that stuff about men and women playing against each other, that wouldn't be much of a game," says one fearless observer of the athletic scene. "Let's just say you have men's and women's teams, and you score them together like the Russians do in track meets. Take basketball as an example—the NCAA championship. Instead of one game, you have a doubleheader, the UCLA men playing the Memphis State men and the UCLA women against the Memphis women. You add up the points from the two games and the college that has the highest total wins the national championship, wins the big trophy, wins Coach of the Year and all the rest. You can be sure that John Wooden and Gene Bartow are going to have girls' teams and good ones. Those girls are going to get everything in the way of help that the boys do, maybe more. Do that down the line and things are going to become equal quickly. Whether or not that would be good for the Republic is something else again."



Given the climate of the times, the reexamination of the female role and the apparent willingness of courts to back demands for better athletic opportunities for girls, it appears that many of the policies of the past are due for a change. The changes will affect not only the athletic system but society as well.

continued



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If substantially larger numbers of females take part in competitive athletics, the quality of, interest in and status derived from this play will increase appreciably. Sports previously thought too "difficult" or "physical" for girls may be opened to them. The demand for coaches and trainers, as well as for equipment specifically designed for females, will increase. In time, women's sports will attract greater public interest. The press will cover women's athletics more frequently and seriously. Sports heroines will be discovered. Women's professional sports will become more popular, more lucrative and thus more attractive in career terms.

Any large increase in participation by girls and women will radically affect boys' and men's sports. Resources allocated to male sports will be reduced, but there are many who do not regard such a cutback as a disaster. Some of the extravagant features that have come to characterize—and often corrupt—men's athletics will be cut away, too. Such enforced moderation may be in the best interest of both sexes.

What will athletic equality mean for females? One can only guess. David Auxter, an iconoclastic educator, former collegiate football player and coach, says: "In America we use athletics extensively to teach, not fact so much as attitudes. Above all, we value athletics because they are competitive. That is, they teach that achievement and success are desirable, that they are worth disciplining oneself for. By keeping girls out of sports, we have denied them this educational experience. Our male-dominated society prefers females to be physically and psychologically dependent. Denying them athletic opportunities has been a good way of molding girls into the kind of humans we want them to be. Better athletic programs will develop more aggressive females, women with confidence who value personal achievement and have a strong sense of identity. I think that would be a good thing for us all."

Ellen Cornish, the distance runner who was pulled off the track when it was thought she might beat the boys in the high school dual meet, says, "Yes, I think I am more aggressive than most girls and maybe more aggressive than a lot of boys. I definitely think sports have helped to make me what I am, and I'm not sorry about it. I have some strong ideas about what I want to be and I don't feel that I

continued



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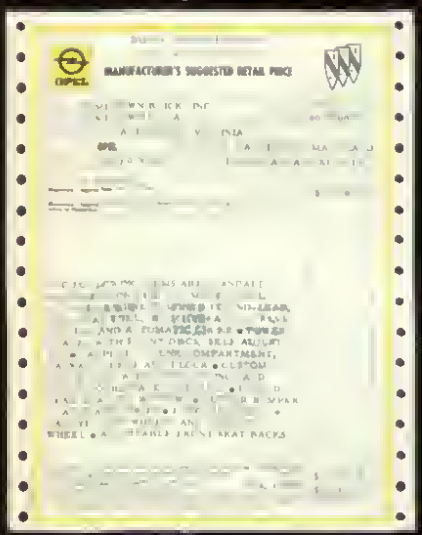


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have to fit into a role which other people assign me."

For most of the last seven years Cornish has devoted two or three hours a day, seven days a week, in an effort to develop her talents as a runner. Now, at 18, she is in the process of "retiring" from track. Next fall she will enter college as a pre-med student. Despite her years, she is a remarkably forceful, articulate and thoughtful human.

"I love to run and decided I was going to become the best runner I could," Cornish says. "People may have thought I was freaky, but that hasn't bothered me. What they want to think is their business and what I want to think and be is mine. I don't want to offend anyone, to put them down, but I want to be what I think is honest. I'd like to live my whole life that way. I probably won't run much anymore, but I do want to be something exceptional. I know I'll have to work at it and may have to live differently than most girls do, but now that doesn't frighten me at all. If I had not spent the time in track, I think I would have been frightened."

Certainly not the last words to be heard on the subject, but some persuasive enough to make a good conclusion to any discussion of what participation in sports may mean for girls and women, are those of Dr. Kathryn Clarenbach, professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin: "The overemphasis on protecting girls from strain or injury, and underemphasis on developing skills and experiencing teamwork, fits neatly into the pattern of the second sex. Girls are the spectators and the cheerleaders. They organize the pep clubs, sell pompons, make cute, abbreviated costumes, strut a bit between halves and idolize the current football hero. This is perfect preparation for the adult role of women—to stand decoratively on the sidelines of history and cheer on the men who make the decisions. Women who have had the regular experience of performing before others, of learning to win and to lose, of cooperating in team efforts, will be far less fearful of running for office, better able to take public positions on issues in the face of public opposition. By working toward some balance in the realm of physical activity, we may indeed begin to achieve a more wholesome, democratic balance in all phases of our life." **END**



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The only handicap endured by **Jeff Beard**, longtime athletics administrator at Auburn University, is his golf game itself. After his second round in the Southeastern Conference spring seminar and social, Beard, usually a calm man, heatedly declared he was selling his clubs and giving up the sport. "Why not?" he challenged. "Not long ago Charley Boswell beat me. He's blind. Then John Reed Holly beat me. He's the business manager at Mississippi and he has just his right arm. We even call him 'Single Wing.' Today, Harry Lancaster, the Kentucky athletic director, beat me. He has one wooden leg. I do not know what further indignities could befall me on the golf course, but I choose to provide no further opportunity."

After **Tom Bradley**, born the son of a sharecropper on a Texas cotton plantation, was elected the first black mayor of Los Angeles, capping a long upward rise which he began as a 21-year career policeman studying law at night, political consultant David Garth had a metaphoric explanation. Garth suggested that observers look at Bradley's athletic background as a key to his personal drive. (The new mayor-elect went to UCLA on a track scholarship and became an accomplished quarter-miler.) "The 440 is the only race where you can't pace yourself," Garth noted. "The last 100 yards of the 440 are the worst suffering any track man has to go through."

• The women of *The Women*—a Clare Boothe Luce play currently revived on Broadway—challenged the men of *The Changing Room*, the sporty David Storey play about an English rugby team (SI, March 5) to a softball match. The Women trounced the Room mates 85–3, or something like that, and the first inning was typical. Alexis Smith led off with an infield grounder to pitcher John Lithgow, who bobbled the ball. Dorothy Loudon's following smash barely to second was held too long and both runners were safe. Marie Wallace flied to the shortstop—who dropped the ball. Cindy Lister drove in two runs with an infield single. Kim Hunter ended up on third when *The Changing Room* cast overthrew two bases on one play, and swinging 67-year-old **Myrna Loy** (*pictured*) added three more runs with yet another infield single. "They were great competitors—speedy, very fast and above all swift," captain Lithgow said. "These guys let the women win," Dorothy Loudon rejoined, "but I loved it."

Bob Arnzen, an almost never used forward with the Indiana Pacers, finally started the next to last regular-season game against San Diego—and scored 24 points. Arnzen thought about this performance for a few days, then decided it would affect his demands for 1973-74. "Next year," he said, "I want a no-cut, no-play contract."



In two years on the women's professional golf tour, **Diane Patterson** has made $384.59. So far this year, in six tournaments, she hasn't cashed a check. She might start reading the want ads again. The last time she did she ended up on a trapeze. The ad in *The Los Angeles Times* read: "Girl wanted, 18-25, athletically inclined, for trapeze act, free room and board." Said Diane, "Why not?" and faster than she could say oops she was a catcher grabbing the Flying Viennas as they spun out of their acts. "Once in a while I'd miss," Miss Patterson notes, "but that made it more exciting." For her, Diane quit when "I decided it was easier to swing on the ground than in the air."

◆ With Congress scheduled to debate the wisdom of replacing the present system of inches, feet and miles, the Cincinnati Reds decided to become a liter on the field by painting metric equivalents on the outfield fence. Here **Paul Popovich** (*left*) and **Rick Monday** of the Chicago Cubs converge on a pop fly that did not exactly drive them back to the warning track near the good ol' 123.13-meter mark, nor ring the applause meter with the fans.

A staple of modern American folklore concerns the bonus baby who signs a big contract and immediately buys a lavender Cadillac. The breed does not include low-key, practical **Jerry Sisemore**, the University of Texas All-America tackle and first-round draft choice who recently came to terms with the Philadelphia Eagles. Sisemore celebrated by investing in a used pickup truck. The situation with Indiana Pacer George McGinnis was somewhat different. McGinnis already commanded two Cadillacs and a Jaguar, not to mention a camper truck, a motor home that sleeps six, five horses and a speedboat. So Big George was named the Most Valuable Player in the ABA championships. His reward? Right. A Dodge Charger.

The St. Louis Cardinals of the National Football League have just named a new controller. His name is **Jim Cash**.

There were some interesting results in one of those charity decathlons that match pro athletes from various sports. In an event held for the March of Dimes, 49er Quarterback **John Brodie** finished seventh overall, but only fourth in the football throw, which was won by Dakland Raider Wide Receiver **Fred Biletnikoff**. **Rick Barry**, who won the whole thing, reached 287 8 feet in softball hitting, while former Catcher **Tom Haller**, who finished 11th, could only manage 200 feet.

The NAIA Track and Field Hall of Fame has inducted a new member. He's the track coach at University of Redlands, Calif. and his name is **Ted Runner**.

◆



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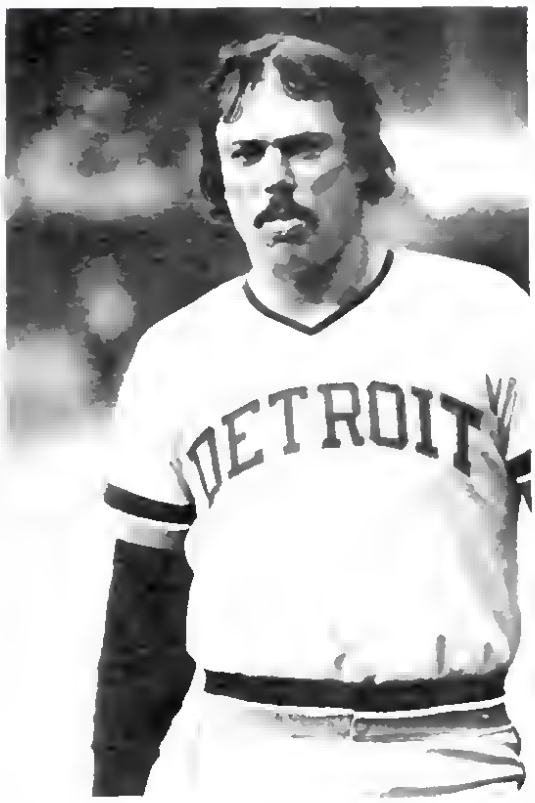


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Detroit's John Hiller leads the major leagues in saves—and valor

Pitching a no-quitter

Not a baseball fan in America seemed awed by the fact that the Detroit Tigers were leading the East Division of the American League. Anybody, obviously, could lead the easy, easy East. O.K., people said, the Tigers lead, but have they reached .500 yet? Have they won two in a row? Are they still so old their fight song is Brahms' *Lullaby*?

Well, the Tigers may resemble 25 guys wearing funny clothes in a Ted Weems revival, but they play very well when they pitch well, and that cannot always be said of the five teams behind them. Over the last three weeks Detroit has won 12 of 18 games, a performance due less to the efforts of Joe Coleman, Mickey Lolich, Al Kaline and Willie Horton than to John Hiller, a 30-year-old left-handed relief pitcher with brown eyes, a mustache and three pitches, which he throws mostly for strikes. With Chicago's Terry Forster, Hiller leads the American League in appearances with 18 and he tops the majors in saves with 10—and in valor with as much as the occasion demands.

On a January morning in 1971, Hiller was seated at the breakfast table in his home in Duluth, Minn. He had just finished a cup of coffee and taken a drag on his first cigarette of the day. Suddenly he felt pain in his chest; three hours later he was in the hospital. At the age of 27 he had suffered a heart attack. The record he appeared to be leaving behind was hardly spectacular. It showed some six years of service with the Tigers, covering 23 wins and 19 losses.

John Hiller was that interesting rarity in sports, a kid who signed a contract for no bonus. He did not ask the Tigers for a 27-year, no-cut contract or even a condominium in Nassau. The Tigers found him in 1962 on a sandlot on the outskirts of Toronto and said, "We will give you $400 a month and send you to Jamestown, New York." He said, "Yes, that seems all right," and went dutifully to Jamestown. "I could throw pretty good but not real hard," he says. Hard enough, however, to win 14 games at Jamestown and strike out 172 batters in 181 innings. Hard enough, too, to be elevated through Duluth, Knoxville and Montgomery and up to the Tigers in two seasons. "I had pretty good luck getting the ball over the plate," he says. In 1967 he struck out 49 men and walked only nine as a Tiger. That kind of control is something more than luck. The following August he set a major-league record by striking out six Cleveland Indians in a row at the start of a game. But until the winter of his heart attack Hiller was considered merely a nice kind of player. The Tigers used him as a relief pitcher and spot starter, he was a man who was paid just to do a job. He never worked more than 128 innings for the Tigers in any season, but he never had a losing record.

At the time of his heart attack Hiller weighed 220 pounds. This soon dropped to 148, which acutely concerned the Tigers, who were reminded that Chuck Hughes of the football Lions had suffered a fatal heart attack during a game in Tiger Stadium and Hiller's was relatively severe. As his recovery progressed, he was assigned to Detroit's minor-league club in Lakeland, Fla., as a coach. "We had to make a decision on John," says Tiger General Manager Jim Campbell. "I had my mind made up to release him after I read some of the medical reports. I flew to Florida to tell him I thought the best thing for everybody was that he not try to force himself to come back.

"Well, Hiller is some kind of man. He talked me right out of what I was going to do." Hiller returned to the Tigers last July. Billy Martin brought him back slowly, using him a couple of innings here, a couple there. "The first few times I went out on the mound," says Hiller, "I truly did not know who the players were that I was pitching against. My catcher, Bill Freehan, would call for one pitch and I'd throw another. I was completely without concentration. It was eerie. There seemed to be hundreds of things going through my mind."

Nevertheless, Hiller's comeback was extraordinary. He appeared in 24 games and had three saves, one win and two losses and an earned run average of 2.05.

The other evening in Bloomington, Minn., Hiller came into a game in the seventh inning and received an ovation from the crowd of 20,000 at Metropolitan Stadium. He faced only eight batters. The last was Harmon Killebrew. Before he pitched to Killebrew he stood on the mound with a small smile on his face. Freehan trotted out to the mound to talk things over. "Nobody had sent me more get-well cards than Harmon when I was in the hospital," Hiller said later. "Nobody wanted me back in baseball more than Harmon. Heck, the first five times I faced him in 1970 he got one home run and four walks off me." Hiller got Killebrew out to end the game. Then the Tigers gave him an ovation of their own.

"The tight situations don't seem as tight to me now as they once did," he said. "I used to be a nervous pitcher. I figure now that other things in my life might have been harder. And maybe when I go out there and pitch, other people who have had heart attacks think to themselves, 'There's a guy who is func-

continued

tioning fairly well. I ought to be able to go back and do my job all right.' "

Seven weeks from now the American League will try to win the All-Star Game for only the second time in 11 years. With more obstinacy than wisdom last season the Americans picked no relief pitchers for their All-Star squad. Two words to the wise in 1973: John Hiller.

THE WEEK

(May 27-June 2)

by MARK MULVOY

AL WEST Wilbur Wood pitched a two-hitter and a four-hitter to win his 12th and 13th games—both on the same night. Completing a suspended game, Wood went five innings and held Cleveland to two hits and one unearned run as the White Sox finally won in the bottom of the 21st inning on Dick Allen's three-run homer. After smoking a cigar, Wood shut out the Indians in the regular nine-inning game. Later he came up short, losing to Chris Short of the Brewers. Still, with a 13-4 record, Wood was knuckling along at a 51-victory pace. Rookie Brian Downing's major-league debut lasted one pitch; he was injured as he made a spectacular catch of a foul ball and had to go on the disabled list.

Minnesota won five of six and closed to within two games of the White Sox, but check this strategy. In the eighth inning against the Tigers, Manager Frank Quilici takes out Harmon Killebrew at first base, he calls on Joe Lis. So there is Lis, with a .152 average, batting in the 10th. And there is Lis hitting a home run to win the game.

Rookie Gene Garber pitched two quick complete-game victories over Boston and Baltimore that pleased Kansas City. "He pitches so fast," said Manager Jack McKeon, "that our infielders don't have time to go to sleep." California infielder Jerry DaVanon has spent most of his time checking the water cooler, picking up loose gloves, pitching batting practice, warming up the pitcher, etc. He finally got to start, and one night his three hits helped beat the Yankees. Oakland's Ken Holtzman, who had pitched two National League no-hitters, held New York hitless until Matty Alou singled with two out in the seventh, but Jim Ray Hart knocked Holtzman out of the game in the eighth when his line drive smashed off Ken's leg. X rays revealed no damage.

At one point Texas was tied with Wilbur Wood, each with 13 wins. Then the Rangers won three straight. Sixth place, however, remained in their sole possession.

CHI 27-17 MINN 25-20 KC 29-23
CAL 25-21 OAK 25-25 TEX 15-28

AL EAST While John Hiller twice saved games for Joe Coleman, Outfielders Willie Horton and Al Kaline returned to the Detroit lineup after extended periods on the injury list. Kaline was hitless but Horton went 5 for 9 and raised his average to .366. In keeping with his irascible image, Manager Billy Martin, no music lover, complained that the organist at White Sox Park had interrupted Mickey Lolich's concentration by playing just as Lolich began his windup. It was Martin's fourth protest of the season against league organists.

Fritz Peterson won twice for the Yankees,

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but Manager Ralph Houk was not happy. After watching California's Bill Singer beat his team easily, Houk complained that Singer, like Cleveland's Gaylord Perry, had come into the American League with moist and illegal substances on his fingers. "It just burns you up to see another one of them in the league," groused Houk, who undoubtedly wishes he had one himself.

Baltimore's Jim Palmer, who throws dry, not wet, heat, escaped from probable disaster in Kansas City. With one out in the eighth inning, speedy Amos Otis on third, mighty John Mayberry at bat and the Orioles leading 3-2, Palmer uncorked a wild pitch that flew against the backstop. Amazingly, the ball boomeranged off the concrete wall and came right back to Catcher Andy Etchebarren, who flipped it to Palmer for an easy tag on Otis at the plate. "It was a good time to reach into my bag of tricks," said Palmer.

So many Boston players are injured that Manager Eddie Kasko had to make up five different lineup cards one night. The struggling Brewers beat the White Sox twice, drawing crowds of 22,321 and 31,836. "Patience, patience," said Ken Aspromonte, the Cleveland manager. "How long do you have to wait?" After five losses in six games Aspromonte changed his lineup, sending Leo Cardenas to shortstop, John Ellis to first base and Mickey Lolich's cousin Ron to the outfield. Still, Cleveland had a losing streak of four.

DET 26-22 NY 25-24 BOS 21-24
BALT 20-22 MIL 21-26 CLEV 20-29

NL EAST

Never mind that Willie Stargell's 15 home runs for Pittsburgh were but one fewer than for all 25 men on the St. Louis roster. The Cardinals were flying—and getting the odd home run, too. The most spectacular was a pinch-hit grand slam by Tim McCarver that sent the Astros to a 6-2 defeat. The team that was once 5-19 has won 13 of its last 15 games, and Cardinal relief pitchers have not been charged with a run in their last 22 appearances, a total of 30 innings. Their 13 saves match the club's total for 1972.

Right now the Phillies might consider a Carlton-for-Wise retrade. Rick Wise won two more games for St. Louis and has a strong 7-2 record. Steve Carlton lost for the fifth time in his last six starts as his record dropped to 5-7. In a 9-4 loss to the Dodgers, Carlton gave up 13 hits and six runs in just five innings. Besides losing five straight games, the Phillies also lost their best hitter for two weeks when Outfielder Bill Robinson fractured his right thumb.

The Pirates finally began to move with help from an unexpected source: Shortstop Jackie Hernandez. For 36 games Hernandez never picked up a bat, and the Pirates had a 16-19 record. With Hernandez playing regularly, they won six of seven and the normally light-hitting infielder drove in the winning run in a game against the Braves. One-time Pirate bonus baby Bob Bailey crashed three home runs as the Expos split six games.

The Chicago weather turned hot, and so did Billy Williams. The Quiet Man went 9 for 16 in five games and raised his average to .320, right where it normally is at the end of the season. Besides heckling ex-Manager Leo Durocher, the Bleacher Bums also shattered the decibel count on the North Side with a standing ovation for Henry Aaron and then booed Pitcher Rick Reuschel when he threw three straight balls to Aaron. So then Reuschel threw three strikes past Aaron.

The Mets were shut out twice by the Pa-

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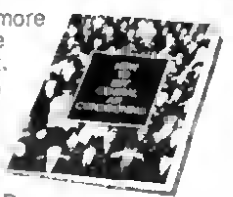
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dies and lost Cleon Jones to the disabled list once again but perhaps regained Willie Mays, who claimed he was ready to play like the young Willie.

CHI 30-20 PITT 23-20½ NY 21-23
MONT 20-23 STL 21-25 PHIL 19-29

NL WEST According to San Francisco legend, the June Swoon annually deflates the Giants' pennant pretensions. Maybe so, but the first-place Giants went two-up on the Swoon and one-and-a-half up on the second-place Dodgers by beating Philadelphia twice. Ron Bryant threw a four-hitter one day and the Bonds Squad smashed out 16 hits the next. Bobby Bonds led off another game with a home run—the fourth time this season—but was also struck out four times by New York's Tom Seaver, who whiffed 16 Giants.

In Los Angeles Andy Messersmith tied John Hiller's major-league record by striking out the first six batters he faced, and Second Baseman Dave Lopes tied another by making three errors in one inning, while Outfielder Willie Crawford began to wonder if the Swoon had moved south. Wielding a top-heavy S-2 bat, Crawford hit .404 in May, with six doubles, five home runs and 21 RBIs but he was 1 for 7 so far in June.

Cesar Cedeno was back in Houston nursing a pulled muscle and the Astros were hurting on the road, losing five of seven, including a 16–8 errorfest at Leo Durocher's old haunting grounds in Chicago. In that debacle Third Baseman Doug Rader's two-out, bases-empty error in the first inning led to a procession of 10 unearned Cub runs.

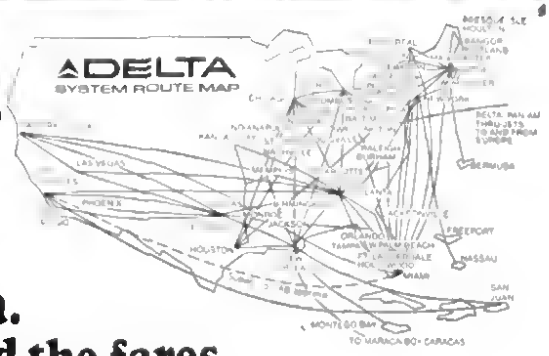
The entire Cincinnati pitching staff seemed headed for the disabled list. Gary Nolan and Roger Nelson were unavailable because of their arm problems, and on successive nights Jim McGlothlin and Jack Billingham suffered injuries that forced them out in the first inning. Second Baseman Joe Morgan, who produced the winning runs as the Reds won only two of seven games, completed a personal cycle by hitting a home run against Bob Gibson. "Now I've hit home runs off every pitcher I wanted to—Gibson, Sandy Koufax, Tom Seaver and Juan Marichal," Morgan said. How does he rate them? In order, Koufax, Gibson, Marichal, Seaver.

Henry Aaron tied Babe Ruth in extra-base hits (1,356) and also hit his 13th home run, leaving him only 28 behind the Babe's 714, but the sinking Braves lost six of seven. Barring legal and or league complications, the San Diego Padres will be bugging off to the Capital at the end of the season, which means that Washington now can be first in war, first in peace and last in the National League.

SF 34-20 LA 31-20 HOUS 29-24
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Top billing for the other Kathy

The village of Las Vegas never has listed enchantment among its tourist attractions, for the city is layered with a tangy sauce of neon, silicone and dollars both green and silver, ornamentation more comforting to the cold heart of a blackjack dealer than to the tender sensitivities of a poet. But last week this unlikely desert junction produced pathos equal to that of Erich Segal's and more drama than *Lassie*.

It was at the $100,000 Sealy-Fabergé Golf Classic that those who believe in the old American tenets of faith, hard work and keep your left arm straight found their trust reaffirmed as two housewives-mothers-short order cooks played hot potato with the $25,000 first-place check, highest in women's golf. Kathy Cornelius was the smiling, relieved winner, defeating one of her best friends, Judy Rankin, on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff over the Desert Inn Country Club course.

During the last hour or so of the final round on Sunday all sorts of people had a chance to win, but it seemed as if the mere thought of 25,000 bills was enough to turn putters to noodles. Carol Mann had the lead for a while, but a nervous bogey on the last hole did her in. Betsy Rawls missed a three-footer to bogey the 17th and that finished her. Rankin bogeyed 17 to give Cornelius the lead, but Kathy bogeyed right back to fall even with Judy. Both missed birdie putts at 18. On the first playoff hole, the 15th, both women sent their approach putts rocketing past the hole, Kathy six feet, Judy three. Kathy made it, Judy missed and that was it. It may not have been perfect golf, but in its negative way it was exciting.

The tournament has had a vein of excitement running through its entire—if brief—history. Sandra Palmer eagled the 18th hole from a bunker to win in 1971 and Betty Burfeindt made a hole in one on the way to taking the 1972 title. Off the course the players have been rolling sevens, too. Janet Caponi LePera was introduced to her eventual husband, a television director, at the first tournament, and last year golfer Chris Repasky met singer Tom Jones backstage after one of his performances at Caesars Palace. "He invited her to a party," said Carol Mann. "I don't know what happened, but she hasn't played very well since."

Usually any promotion that doesn't have the enticement of free money is a risky proposition in bacchanalian Las Vegas, a place where people couldn't care less about the consumer price index. They do like celebrity watching, however. Besides the regular spectators, guys who pick their teeth with matchbook covers and women in spray-gun makeup, one eager fan pedaled in on a bicycle from Atlanta, Ga. "The remarkable thing was that during the entire trip I didn't have a flat tire," said Edward Woolf, who has a 10-speed bike and a thirst for women's golf.

In a sport where Jack Nicklaus is rich enough to put MacGregor on his advisory staff, the women players have been playing catch-up for a long time. The Sealy-Fabergé is one of four $100,000 events on their schedule. Bud Erickson is in his fourth year as executive director of the Ladies Professional Golf Association, a job that once was about as glamorous as a rusted fender. Now the LPGA has scheduled 35 tournaments with combined purses of just under $1.5 million, the girls play a filmed television series and Erickson is negotiating for a tournament in Japan. Figure in the new wave of endorsements, television commercials and exhibitions that the girls are doing and you can understand why parents are giving their young daughters sand wedges for their birthdays instead of dolls.



WHEN THE WIND HOWLED, KATHY CORNELIUS STOOD FIRM

The tournament in Las Vegas opened on an ominous note. Clouds scuttled in over the mountains on Thursday, dumping rain and hail on the Desert Inn course, canceling Thursday's round and shortening the event to 54 holes since the celebrities and amateurs, who paid up to $500 to play, could not linger an extra day.

The celebrity facet of the tournament is always interesting. Joe Namath says the Sealy-Fabergé is one of his favorite events, and Billie Jean King began a crash program of golf lessons so that she could participate this year. Instead of a one-day pro-am, the celebrities play right along with the women golfers for

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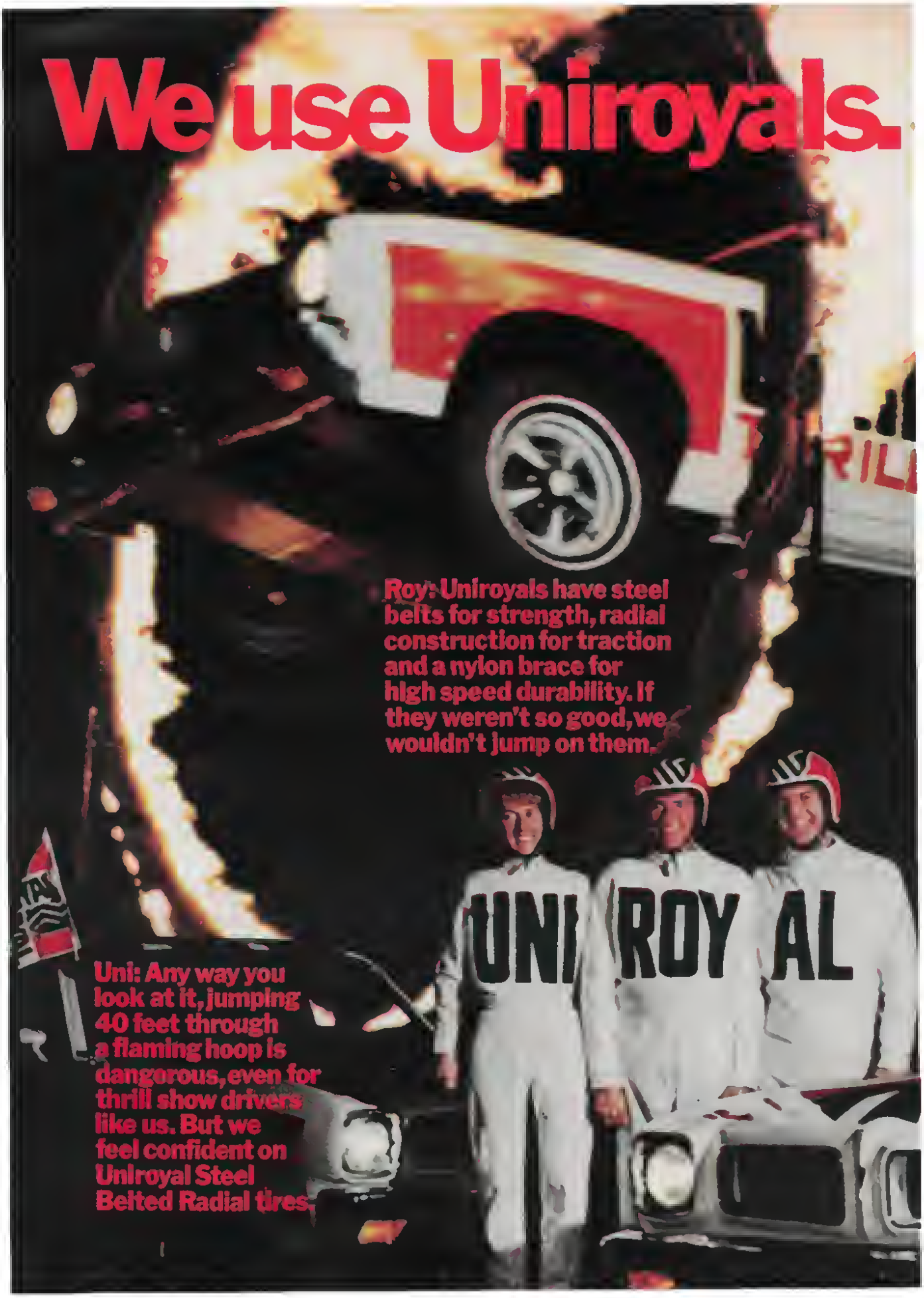


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three days, trying to stay out of the way and offering encouragement.

On Friday tournament officials fretted nervously as the clouds hung low over the course. National television was scheduled for the weekend and another cancellation would wreak havoc with that. Rain fell late in the day and play was suspended for about an hour, but the skies softened and Mary Mills took the first-round lead with a 69. Kathy Whitworth, the tour's leading money-winner this year, a position she has held for seven of the last eight seasons, was not so fortunate. She came to the tournament hoping for a victory and $25,000, which would boost her toward her goal of being the first woman golfer to earn $100,000 in a single season, but she opened with an 81 that destroyed her chances.

The LPGA's stars do not have a record of hogging publicity. For instance, Sandra Haynie has won 27 tournaments in her career and probably would go unrecognized in a crowd of golf writers, partly because she never has won the U.S. Open. She shot a 70 on Friday and commented that it was "the best I've hit the ball in a long time."

Last year she injured her wrist hitting a shot out of some rocks in a tournament early in the season and had to lay off for five weeks while it healed. A month after she returned, she won three tournaments in a span of four weeks. "When I was thin, I used to play about 13 or 14 holes and get pooped," she said. "To hit it out there, it was taking everything I had. Now I'm stronger."

On Saturday it looked as if she might win again as Mary Mills slipped to a 76 and Sandy jumped into a three-way tie for the lead at 143, three under par. Sandy shot a 73 but putted like a guy shooting craps for the first time, missing birdie putts on six or seven holes.

Cornelius and Bonnie Bryant were tied with Haynie, Kathy shooting a 72 while Bonnie had a 71 despite bogeys on the 15th and 16th holes.

This is Cornelius' 18th season on the pro circuit. She is 16th on the tour's all-time money list, nearly $300,000 behind the more famous golfing Kathy—Whitworth. Cornelius is amazed that the girls are playing for today's improved purses. "A few years ago I would have bet a substantial amount that we wouldn't be playing for this kind of money. You used to have to go out and pound out those nickels and dimes."

Kathy and Bill Cornelius, also a golf professional, were married in 1953 and she turned pro "to get out of playing on ladies' day as the pro's wife." Three years later Bill gave her $150 and a secondhand car and she went out on the tour, winning the U.S. Open in 1956. At various times she has held the 36-, 54- and 72-hole scoring records for the LPGA and now travels the circuit with her husband and the younger of her two daughters, six-year-old Kay. "It's not a bad life if you don't mind living out of a suitcase," says Kathy, who also helps Bill out at the family driving range outside Phoenix during the off-season.

Bonnie Bryant came to the Scaly-Faberge event by the thinnest of margins. She was one of the final qualifiers, securing a berth with a tie for 13th place in Louisville two weeks before, which, ironically, was her best tournament showing in almost a year and a half on the circuit.

Bonnie, the only lefthander on the tour, is a 29-year-old former semipro softball player who began playing golf only 10 years ago. She quit college in Visalia, Calif., decided she wanted to play professional sports, walked onto a golf course and told the pro that she desired instruction. After 18 months of eight to 10 hours a day practice, she was down to a five handicap. She turned pro and accepted a series of teaching positions. "I always knew what I wanted," said Bonnie. "Now I want to be one of the better players on the tour."

She looked that way on Friday and Saturday, stumbling on a double bogey after the rain delay the first day but generally playing with precision. She is one of the longest drivers on the tour, although inexperience has held her back. That power was evident on the final round when, having faltered badly, she hit two long shots to the par-5 18th and just missed an eagle.

Rankin spent Saturday night losing $14 at blackjack. Earlier in the week she was fretful because her swing had a faulty piston somewhere, but now she felt it was improving. She had shot 72-73 and was only two strokes off the lead.

"If the wind blows tomorrow, Judy's got a chance," said her husband Yippy.

Sunday the wind blew and Judy, winner of two tournaments in May, did indeed have a chance, but it was Kathy Cornelius who blew everyone down. She may still be the "other Kathy," but $25,000 will help. **END**







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Without the trace of a smile

Oozing confidence, Wisconsin's straight-faced Coach Jabbo Jablonic knew he had it made in the IRA long before the final. Sure enough, his big Badgers swept the course and everyone in sight

Traditionally Friday night at the Intercollegiate Rowing Association championships near Syracuse, N.Y. is the time for Raphael's, a feasting and catering place that lies close by the state fairgrounds. There, it has been said, many a race has been won or lost, a claim that can neither be proved nor disproved but one that last weekend seemed totally beside the point. Wisconsin Coach Randy (Jabbo) Jablonic, rowing and retowing races with the other coaches over beer and pizza, looked very much like a man who had already won his race. Jablonic, his friends said, was as relaxed as anyone had ever seen him.

The sight was perplexing. While it was true the Wisconsin Badgers, strong and well trained, had been picked to win Saturday's finals on the Onondaga Lake course at nearby Liverpool, Jablonic had a lot not to be relaxed about. In 71 years, for one example, Wisconsin had won the IRA regatta but three times. At the Eastern Sprints earlier this year, for another example, Wisconsin had met the regatta's only undefeated entry, Northeastern, and had come up short by 2.4 seconds over the 2,000 meters. Finally, despite weather that had been blustery for two days, Saturday promised to be perfect, and calm conditions were supposed to favor the nifty Northeastern oarsmen over the Badgers' big rough-water types.

Cavils, mere cavils to Jablonic. He rowed with one of Wisconsin's three winners, the 1959 boat, and this one was better. "This is the finest varsity crew I've ever coached," he said.

The loss to Northeastern could be explained. "The four man was suffering the effects of German measles," said Jablonic, "and we were not in the best lane, which might have something to do with the loss." Well, it was pointed out, now the three man was suffering the throbs of an impacted wisdom tooth, and wouldn't that hamper the crew? No, said Jablonic, not people who had been running a dozen miles a day up and down hills in snow and zero temperatures when they weren't bowing their backs in indoor tanks. And course conditions, serene or stormy, wouldn't make a difference.

Maybe some of the other boats would. Northeastern was a little better and a little brawnier than the crew that last year came within an ace of beating the Russians at Henley in England. Right, but the Huskies of Coach Ernie Arlett had faltered in the IRA and seemed to have a mental thing about the event. Brown, then. The Bruins had finished second in the 1972 IRA, they had a boatload of seniors and they felt they had several scores to settle. Yes, but Brown never wins anything.

Well, what about Pennsylvania, last year's IRA winner and a notably late performer? Coach Ted Nash had been saying that after a creaky start the Quakers were improving. "We've made a lot of progress recently and can only hope Wisconsin and Northeastern hypnotize each other," he said, and smiled when he said

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it. In the past when Nash smiled Penn went faster.

But Jablonic neither smiles nor frowns, and on Friday he contented himself with washing down his pizza. He has a happy if mysterious ability to get big, easygoing kids to drive themselves through the upper thresholds of pain, an achievement that he accepts with perfect equanimity. The Badgers' stoic endurance was the precise antidote for what was to befall them in Thursday's trials. Inexplicably, Pennsylvania found itself in a pushover heat, it pushed readily into Saturday's finals. Wisconsin, as inexplicably, ended bracketed with Northeastern and Brown in what seemed to be—indeed turned out to be—a preview of the championship race. The winner, like Penn, would go directly to Saturday while the others would have to row in one of two repechages on Friday, the first two in each to make the finals.

The water Thursday was choppy, the sky lowering. There were two false starts—in one Wisconsin and Northeastern tangled oars and collided—but once untracked the Badgers moved away from the fleet. Northeastern Stroke Calvin Coffey figured it was all a bad dream. His low-slung Donoratico shell had shipped so much water and had got off to such a disorganized start that he simply lowered the beat from 38 to a virtual paddle at 28 and coasted in dead last. No sense, he thought, in wearing out his crew since now there would be the repechage and finals to follow on successive days.

The Brown oars, who never gave up trying while finishing second, were furious at Northeastern's nonrace and gave the Huskies a hard time on the bus ride back to the crew quarters in Syracuse University dormitories. On Friday, during their repechage, Northeastern almost made the Bruins regret their words. Trailing Brown by a deck or less with 200 meters to go, the Huskies went into overdrive with a blaze of 40 strokes and shot past the startled Brown boat as though it had hit a sandbar. They took two casual strokes just before crossing the finish mark first, then headed back for the boathouse without even a pause, thoroughly one-upping Brown. Both, however, advanced to the finals.

A fresh and sparkling sky greeted the survivors on Saturday. The scene along the banks of Onondaga was one of motorboats and motor homes, of tents and beer coolers and folding chairs. The balmy weather had brought out the largest crowd in several years—15,000 estimated—one that ignored a wary, steely-eyed police force and peacefully played Frisbee and lacrosse while shells in combinations from two-man to eight slid by.

Just as Jablonic had predicted, it was a day for Wisconsin. The Badgers drew a lane alongside Northeastern and got away to what Coxswain John Bosio felt was a fine start. At 500 meters the boat had settled into its 35- to 36-strokes-a-minute rhythm. It chopped down the other crews as though they were swinging double-edged axes. "All the time we were keying on Northeastern," explained Bosio, a 95-pounder who had lost five pounds in order to make room for an electronic stroke counter in the shell.

Wisconsin might better have been looking at Brown. Northeastern had a dreadful time. Knocked offstride by a powerboat wake, the Huskies suffered the further indignity of a crab. When Wisconsin's size and style took hold in midrace, Northeastern could not answer. Said Bill Backman, the big and likable captain, "The feeling at that point was, 'Oh, God, what's the use?' "

The feeling in the Brown shell was slightly more positive. The Bruins tried, gallantly, but on this day, when Wisconsin was to win the junior varsity and freshman eights as well, trying was not enough. Brown's consolation, after losing by 4.4 seconds to Wisconsin, was a second-place finish for the second year in a row, with Northeastern, Rutgers, Penn and MIT following in that order.

In the jubilation that followed outside Wisconsin's boathouse, Jablonic maintained his even keel. It had been said before that the American rowing championships would be settled this year at Henley, the assumption being that Northeastern, which was going there, would win the IRA. The University of Washington, winner of the Western Sprints (SI, May 28), was going, too, having passed up the IRA because of a conflict in exam schedules. Wisconsin had no funds left for a trip to England. Never mind, the Badgers might make it yet if Dartmouth Coach Pete Gardner has any influence. Walking up to Jablonic, he said, "I'd like to see you go, and I'm starting a fund." He pressed a quarter into Jablonic's palm. And people wonder why this winner never laughs? **END**





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Scaling a crazy mountain

We've come a long way since the first Soviet-U.S. sport brouhahas with their intrigue, *nyets*, flag waving, talk of defections, swarms of security men and—at least sometimes—real contests. The Russian wrestlers' latest tour, in fact, had been one lovely roller coaster ride, a vodka tonic of *kazatzkaya*, gift and compliment swappings, thank-yous and *spacibos* before they met the Americans Friday in New York's Madison Square Garden for their last tangle. Even that turned out fun enough, although the Russians were bent on proving they still were the world's best and the Americans looked upon this final match as their first real chance ever of beating the Russian wrestlers.

Going into New York, the Soviet athletes had blitzed Japan, Canada and the U.S. to take the World Cup in Toledo and the Americans again in Columbus, Ohio, Madison, Wis. and Brockport, N.Y., winning 33 bouts, losing only five and drawing two. But U.S. Coach Bill Farrell was strangely unimpressed. "We'll have a good chance to win in New York," he said. To face the Soviets, who had brought along five 1972 Olympic medal winners, three of them gold medalists, Farrell now had four medalists of his own—Dan Gable and Ben Peterson (gold), John Peterson (silver) and Chris Taylor (bronze). For Taylor it would be his second match on the tour and for Gable his first. It would also be the last amateur bouts for both; Gable will soon sign a product-endorsement contract and Taylor will become a pro wrestler.

"It is sad," said Russian co-coach Yuri Shakhmuradov with the aid of Interpreter Viktor Kukharsky, "It's a shame that your wrestlers finally shine for a while and then disappear."

Shakhmuradov and the rest of the Russians were able to contain their sadness admirably as they plunged head deep into the American experience. There were movies, Cokes, Levi's, Niagara Falls, the usual things; but what really transported the visitors were the limousines that hauled them around. They went crazy in the cars, playing with the pushbuttons and sending windows whooshing up and down, tilting seats backward and calling for "Moosic, moosic"—good, loud rock—on the radio.

Wherever they went, the Russians were plied with gifts—cameras, sunglasses, Frisbees, tape recorders—and the most lavish plier of all was Nancy Hellickson, whose husband Russ fought the Russians twice. Maybe she had a point. Russ' left arm was dislocated in Toledo by Ivan Yarygin, a 220-pound gold medalist who had pinned all seven of his Olympic opponents. When the two met next at the University of Wisconsin, where Hellickson is the assistant coach, Yarygin wrestled just hard enough to protect himself. Hellickson did faint from the pain after two periods but there to catch him was Yarygin.

As the Americans gathered in New York, they had an assortment of minor problems. Jimmy Carr, the 114.5-pound-

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er, was forced to buy a sport jacket so he could join his teammates inside the New York AC. A high-schooler from Erie, Pa. and one of 16 children, Carr does not have that kind of walking-around money. He does have guts, though. Last year his right leg was in an ankle-to-hip cast. "That didn't stop him," said Tom Canavan, coach at the Erie YMCA who instructs Carr in international-style wrestling when the high school season ends. "He went to the Great Lakes Open tournament, took off the cast and won both divisions—high school and open—for the third year in a row. Then he put the cast back on. He wore it for two more weeks, took it off and won the Olympic Trials." In Munich the 17-year-old placed 12th.

Gable, whose knees were giving him trouble, had all but retired before being talked into competing in New York. "Deep down, I guess I really wanted one more match," he said. "I'm in as good physical shape as I was in Munich because I've worked out every day. I always will. It's part of my life. After I won the gold medal my parents wanted to take me on a vacation, but I just stayed in my room and read comic books. It relaxed my mind."

Taylor, called *Jordanyama* by the wrestlers ("It's Japanese and means 'crazy mountain,'" claims Gable), came to New York looking as if he had swallowed Mt. Fuji. He weighed 440 pounds, give or take 15 or 20 pizzas, mostly because he is too nice to turn down an invitation. He appeared at dozens of festivities ranging from banquets to Little League openings. Taylor admitted he had not trained hard but said that after New York he was limiting himself to only one important date, Sept. 8, when he will marry Lynne Hart.

At the Garden, where a strike by Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (Utilitymen) had been averted, a different union—the Soviet's—struck first, as Rafik Gadzhiyev beat Dale Kestel handily. But then Carr earned a stunning 5-5 draw with Munich gold medalist Roman Dmitriyev. He achieved it in the final 20 seconds when, in one blurring sequence, he spun the Russian toward the mat, landed on his own head, bridged expertly and rolled Dmitriyev across his back for a two-point near fall. He was saluted by the crowd of 3,094, a fine turnout considering this was New York, never much of a place

continued

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S16/11

for amateur wrestling. (At Brockport there was a turnaway crowd of almost 3,000. There were 3,500 at Ohio State even though the match was on the Memorial Day weekend. And at Wisconsin there were 8,619 fans despite school being in recess.)

Don Behm of East Lansing, Mich. won at 125.5 pounds. With two points for a win and one for a draw, that made the team score 3-3 after three bouts. Next, Marine Lieut. Lloyd Keaser battled tattooed Viktor Markelov, who has a crescent moon on his right calf and stars on his kneecaps. Keaser did violence to Markelov's solar system, wrapping up his moon and stars in a spectacular double-leg takedown near fall. That was worth three points and a 6–4 win, and it made the team score U.S. 5, U.S.S.R. 3.

But, horrors! Gable, who did not have a single point scored against him in the Olympics, suddenly lost two to a 20-year-old upstart named Pavel Pinigin. ("He slapped the back of my head and at the same time grabbed the back of my knee, and I flew," Gable later explained.) A surprised Gable got up and proceeded to earn all 12 of the other points in the match. His career over, Gable got a lengthy standing ovation. "I can't put into words what that applause felt like," he said afterward. "I can't say fantastic or jubilation. No number of words can express my feelings."

Russia took the next bout, but John Peterson ground out a 2-0 win at 180.5 pounds on a takedown with 30 seconds to go and the U.S. was ahead 9-5. All that was needed to end Soviet supremacy was one win in the final three matches.

It never came. First Yarygin, then Levan Tediashvili, who had exhibited a fast-stepping *kazatzkara* back in Wisconsin, won their bouts to tie the affair at 9-9. That left it up to Taylor and Soslan Andiyev, 21, a 6'7" 240-pounder who had a 2-2 draw with Chris in Wisconsin.

Taylor's lack of conditioning was soon evident. He got a first-period takedown, but on two later tries Andiyev, reacting swiftly, spun free and had Chris on his back briefly. Andiyev prevailed 4–1, and his teammates joyously tossed him into the air several times as though he were some short, skinny kid, which is about what he looked like coping with Taylor's massive hulk.

"If one wishes, one can do anything," said Andiyev. Like moving a crazy mountain. **END**



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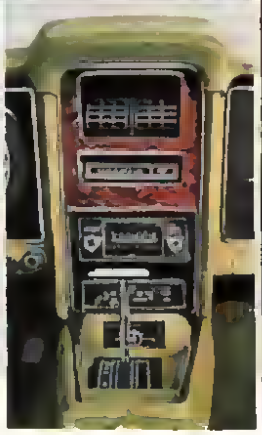
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Sing no sad songs for the Blues

On a balmy Brazilian isle Italy's world-championship entry, which included three members of the fabled Blue Team, once again breezed to the title, leaving the hopes of the U.S.—and the rest of the world—at sea

Down in Guarujá, Brazil, a tropical island resort some 40 miles southeast of São Paulo, the U S Aces, holders of the Bermuda Bowl, symbol of the world bridge championship, finally were forced to face a fact that has haunted other competitors for 16 years, the Italian Blue Team—even half of the Italian Blue Team—is virtually unbeatable Although the Aces scored a moral victory by finishing on top in the qualifying rounds, Giorgio Belladonna, Benito Garozzo and Pietro Forquet, all true Blues, combined with newcomers Benito Bianchi, Giuseppe Garabello and Vito Pittala to crush the Aces 333 international match points to 205 and sail off with the trophy.

Organized and subsidized in 1968 by Dallas millionaire Ira G Corn Jr. for the specific purpose of bringing the Bermuda Bowl back to the U.S. (we had last won it in 1954), the Aces had accomplished Corn's objective by winning the world title in Oslo in 1970 and repeating in 1971 in Taiwan But those victories had a hollow ring since the Blue Team had "permanently" retired in 1969 following its 10th straight win. In order to convince the world that they really were the top team in bridge, Corn and his Aces felt that they had to beat the Blues, and late in 1971 dollar diplomacy succeeded in luring the Italians out of their self-imposed exile Corn, backed by the Hilton International Hotel, dangled a bait of some $30,000 in prize money for two separate team competitions in Las Vegas, and all six of the Blues, including Walter Avarelli, Mimmo d'Alelio and Camillo Pahis Ticci, agreed to compete for the pot of gold.

Alas, they took the pot in the challenge match against the Aces, and they won the open-team competition, too. Then, six months later, they came back to defeat the Aces in the finals of the 1972 World Team Olympiad in Miami for their third successive victory in that quadrennial event. Frustrated but still custodians of the Bermuda Bowl, the Aces welcomed one more whack at even the half-Blue team that was to represent Italy in Guarujá.

Although three other squads—Brazil, the host team and winner of the 1972 South American championship; a North American entry headed by B Jay Becker, who had starred on U.S. sixsomes that won the bowl way back in 1951 and 1953; and Indonesia, the Far East champion and a newcomer to world events—were listed as contenders, the prohibitive pretournament favorites were the Aces and Blues The only suspense elements were the new members of these teams.

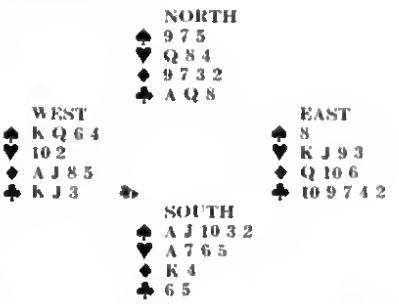
The Aces were not the same group that had won in Taiwan. Paul Soloway, who had replaced Billy Eisenberg on the roster for Miami, had in turn resigned and been replaced by Mark Blumenthal, a young Philadelphian who never had played in world competition. (Soloway, meanwhile, joined the Becker team.) In his role as nonplaying captain, Corn held Blumenthal out of most of the tougher matches. Corn also benched Jim Jacoby, the most internationally experienced Ace of all, during the crucial going because Jim had taken a great deal of time off from the team to fulfill more lucrative professional playing dates All of which left the burden on the shoulders of Bobby Wolff, Bob Hamman, Bobby Goldman and Mike Lawrence

The potential of Italy's new lineup posed an even more puzzling question. There was no doubt about Belladonna and Garozzo either as individual stars or as partners—they had played together before—but how would the redoubtable Forquet team with Bianchi? As for the young pair, Garabello and Pittala had been cleaning up in Italian tournaments but were totally untried at this level of competition. And they, too, were benched whenever a match was critical.

In the qualifying round robin, during which each team met every other team in three short matches, the Blues and Bianchi soon ran up a commanding lead, including an opening 13-7 victory-point win against the Aces Then came a turnabout. In the second round the Aces eked out a four-IMP, 11-9 victory over Italy, thanks in part to a Belladonna revoke.

For a player who is ranked as the world's top Grand Master (1,333 points to Forquet's second-place 1,300), Belladonna is surprisingly prone to what is always thought of as a duffer's error. In Las Vegas a double revoke by Belladonna resulted, in the end, in a profit to the Blue Team at the expense of the Aces—a most unusual situation. On this deal the result was less fortuitous for Italy:

Both sides vulnerable
East dealer



EAST (Garozzo)	SOUTH (Lawrence)	WEST (Belladonna)	NORTH (Goldman)
PASS	1 ♠	PASS	2 ♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	

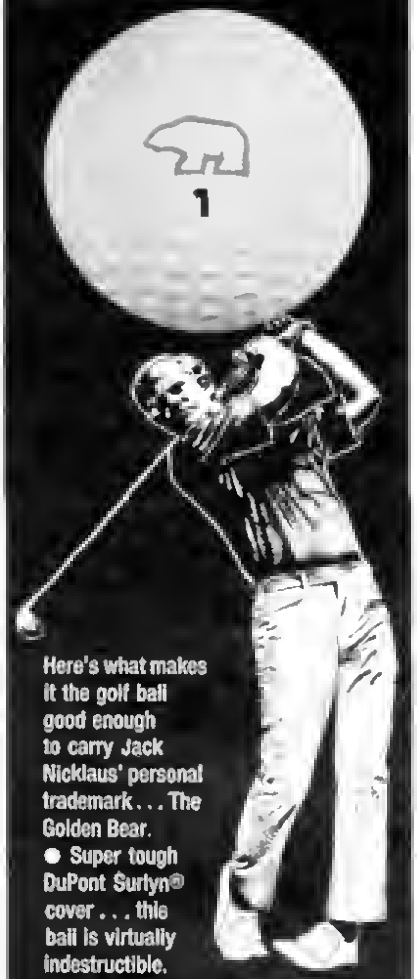
Opening lead 10 of hearts

Playing at the same two-spade contract in the closed room, Forquet was set one trick when the Aces collected two spades, two hearts and two diamonds for +100 Thus spectators watching on Vu-Graph expected the same result when Belladonna and Garozzo defended against Lawrence But Belladonna surprised them by revoking while trying to create an illusion that he hoped would produce a two-trick set.

Lawrence won the first trick with the ace of hearts, successfully finessed dummy's queen of clubs and lost a spade

continued

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finesse to Belladonna who, instead of continuing hearts and thus helping declarer toward a fourth-round heart ruff in dummy, led the king of clubs. On winning with dummy's club ace, Lawrence led a diamond to his king. Belladonna won with the ace and returned the jack of clubs. South ruffed and led a heart, playing low from dummy in hopes that East's king would fall on air. Garozzo won and cashed the king of hearts, on which Belladonna threw the 5 of diamonds. Next came the queen of diamonds and Belladonna dropped the jack. He hoped that Lawrence would ruff the next diamond high and somehow lose two more trump tricks, instead of just one.

The deception worked, all right. Lawrence did trump high on the next diamond, but Belladonna, who by now had fooled even himself, overruffed with the king! Garozzo screamed, "No diamonds?" But before the words were out Belladonna had his next lead on the table, and the revoke was established. Lawrence finished down one, but the penalty for the revoke gave him his contract and the Aces five IMPs, just enough to swing the match.

There was no uncertainty about the Aces' 17-3 victory over Italy in their third round-robin meeting and, for the first time since they had begun their winning ways, the Italians failed to finish the qualifying round in the top spot, relinquishing that honor to the Aces.

Not that the relative positions mattered, except to the Brazilians, who had to settle for third place, and to Becker's squad and the Indonesians, who followed in fourth and fifth. The first and second finishers were automatically in the finals, and only the result of the last 128 deals would count. Indeed, the Italians had seemed to relax once they were assured of a berth, but observers began to wonder if the Aces' strong finish might not be a portent of good things.

Those wonders were soon to cease. The Italians, with Garozzo and Belladonna pounding away in the closed room and Forquet and Bianchi performing exquisite surgery on closed-circuit TV, scored 65 IMPs to the Aces' four in the first 16 deals, then went on in the next 16 to collect another 59 IMPs to the Aces' two. The score was 124-6, and the match was as good as over.

How do the Italians go on winning? As a member of the team that absorbed the worst drubbing ever administered at the hands of the Blues, I am in no better position to answer than anyone else, yet no team ever has been more closely observed in an effort to fathom its secret of success.

Early on we were told that it was the Blues' bidding system—but they once used three different systems, and today four of their present team, including Bianchi, have switched over to Precision. Their record in slam bidding is far better than their opponents', but we have usually outbid them in competitive part-score hands and held our own in the game-bidding department. Superb players? Surely it would be difficult to find any team with three members to equal Belladonna, Forquet and Garozzo, but through the years the Blues' personnel and partnerships have changed, and still they keep winning. A great captain? That was true in the days of Carlo Alberto Perroux, who molded the team and built it, but Perroux has not been the captain since 1966. Luck? Good teams make their own. Yet consider the straw that broke the Aces' back on Board 15 of the finals.

Both Garozzo and Hamman are aggressive bidders, but in this deal Bianchi's Precision Club opening gave Hamman a chance to come in at the one level.

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ 7 5
♥ 10 7
♦ A Q 10 5
♣ Q 9 8 6 3

WEST
♠ K Q 9
♥ J 8
♦ J 9 8 7 6 2
♣ A J

EAST
♠ J 8 6 4 2
♥ K 6 4
♦ 3
♣ 10 5 4 2

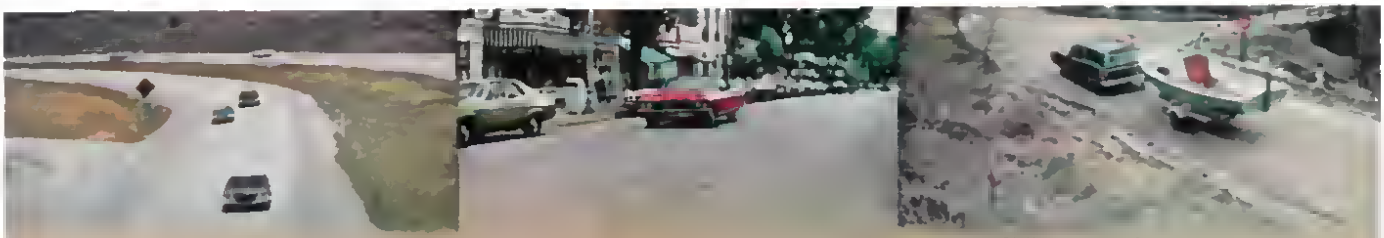
SOUTH
♠ A 10 3
♥ A Q 9 5 3 2
♦ K 4
♣ K 7

SOUTH (Bianchi)	WEST (Hamman)	NORTH (Forquet)	EAST (Belladonna)
1♣	1♦	DBL	PASS
1♥	PASS	2♣	PASS
2♥	PASS	3♦	PASS
3♠	PASS	4♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: king of spades

Warned by the diamond overcall, Bianchi played accordingly. He won the spade lead and returned a spade to West's 9. Hamman shifted to the 7 of diamonds, taken by South's king. A spade was ruffed in dummy, and when East ducked the 10 of hearts lead, Bianchi was not

continue



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tempted to take a deep finesse, realizing that if he lost the trick to Hamman he would probably lose a diamond ruff as well. He finessed the queen of hearts, cashed the heart ace and cheerfully bore the loss of two more tricks to the ace of clubs and the high heart, making his contract for +620. In the other room Goldman's opening bid was one heart, and Garozzo (West), unwilling to come in at the two level on such a shabby diamond suit, restrained his normal desire for action and passed. Lawrence responded one no trump, then raised to game when Goldman jump-rebid in hearts.

Goldman won the king of spades opening lead with his ace and led the king of clubs. Garozzo took the ace and continued with the jack of clubs, won by dummy's queen. Since it would be dangerous to give up a spade to East and get a club return, declarer took the finesse of the heart queen. The finesse held, and Goldman was pleased to find both opponents following to the heart ace. With only the high trump now out, he cashed the king of diamonds and led toward dummy's queen. If this held, he would be able to discard one spade on the diamond ace and make his contract, and he would make an overtrick if the diamond jack dropped on the third round, allowing him to throw his last spade on dummy's good 10.

There was only one thing amiss. Belladonna was able to ruff the *second* diamond, and the defenders cashed two spade tricks. Down one for the Aces and a swing of 12 IMPs to Italy on the combined result, with nobody having done anything really wrong at either table.

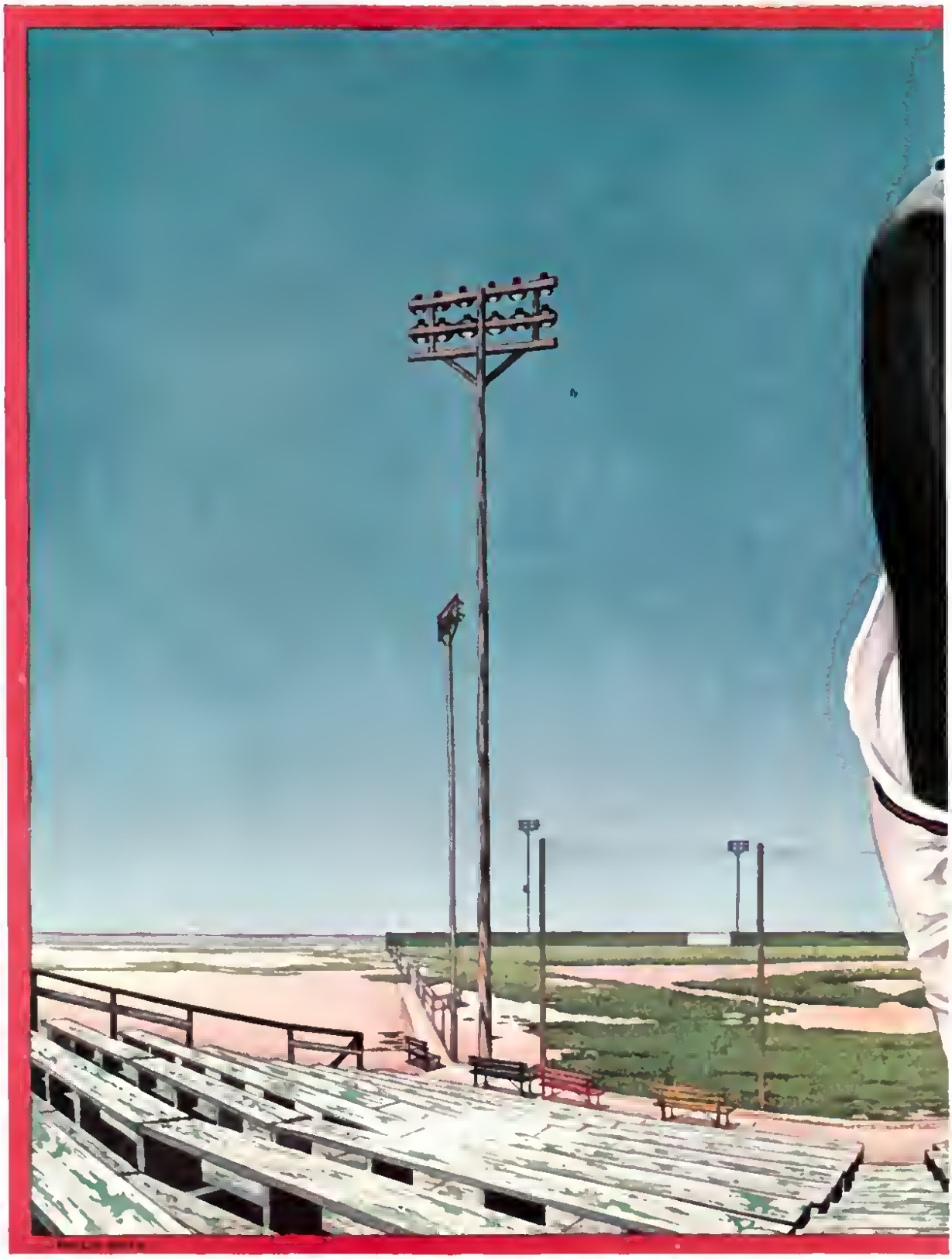
So once again the Italian national anthem was played first at the victory banquet, with Italy's supermen applauded by their hosts and most of the members of the opposing teams. Three were absent. Corn, called away by a previous business appointment. Wolff, who returned with him; and B. Jay Becker, who continued what has been a luckless year. After surviving a near-fatal illness and subsequent surgery this winter—not to mention the shellacking his team took in Guaruja—B. Jay was struck by a bus while getting into a cab on his way to the banquet. He is home now, recovering from a severely lacerated leg and fractures of the collarbone and ankles. Poor B. Jay. He even looks like a man who has been steamrollered by the Blues. **END**

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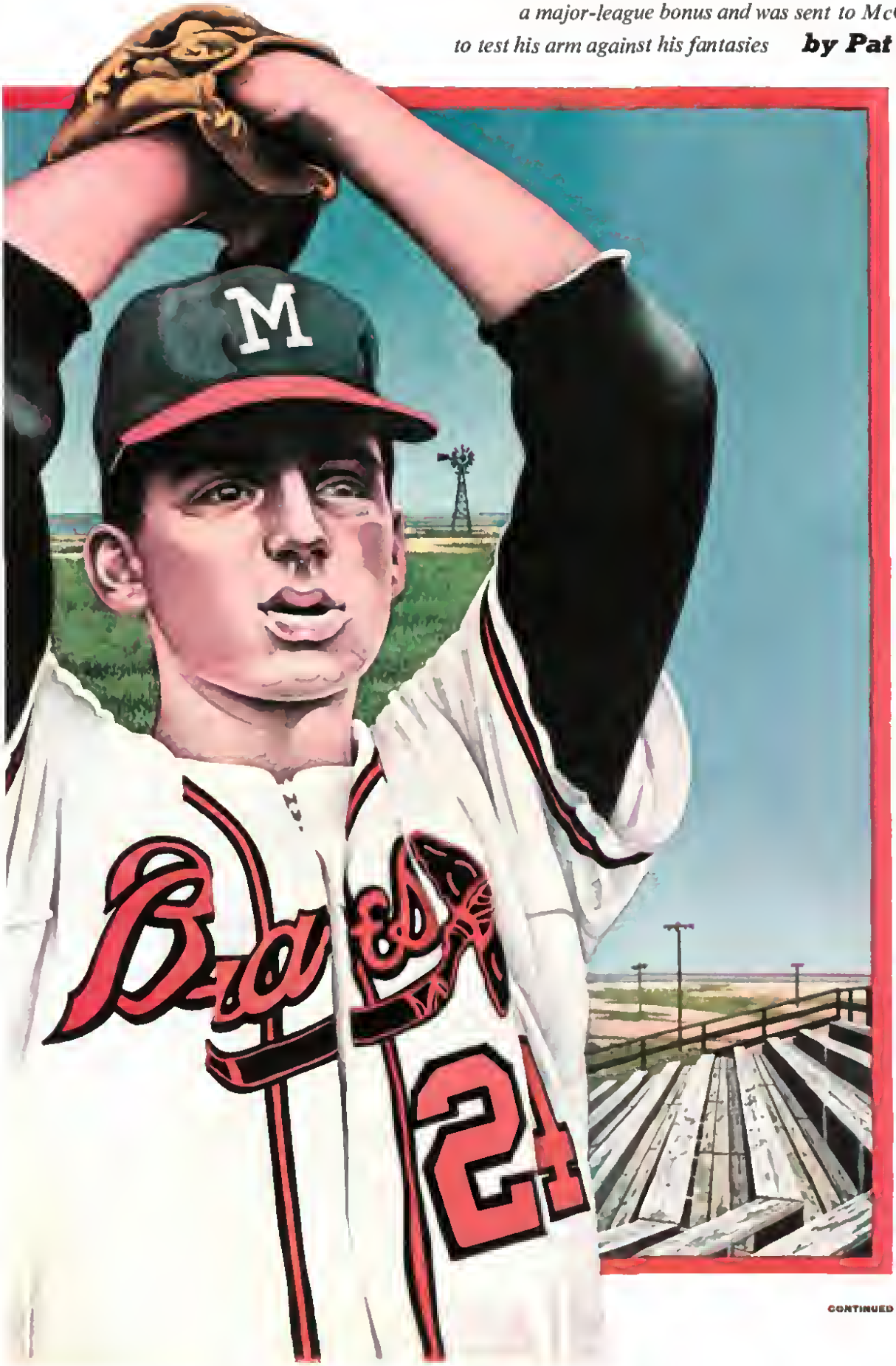


Big Sky, Big Dream



When he was young and a fastballer of promise, the author received a major-league bonus and was sent to McCook, Neb. to test his arm against his fantasies

by Pat Jordan



CONTINUED

I remember first the land. It was flat. Between it and the sky there was nothing—no buildings, no trees, no hills, no shadows, nothing but the sun and sky and never-ending fields of wheat and corn and alfalfa. It was a land of horizons. Here a narrow black road parted the fields. The road went straight for miles. There was nothing on either side but the fields. As the road stretched ahead the fields grew closer together until they converged at a point on the horizon. It was an illusory point that never was reached. It remained always the same distance ahead. Approaching it, all progress felt illusory, too. Only the fields moved, flashing by like scenery in a cheaply made movie. Finally the illusion was broken by some scraggy trees growing beside a water hole. A cow, standing motionless in the shade of the trees, gazed blankly at the road. Another cow lay alongside, its tail twitching off flies. Beyond the water hole was a dirt road that led through the fields to a red barn and conical silo. Almost a mile from the paved road was the farmhouse. It was small, white and cellarless. Each corner rested on cinder blocks. From the highway a passerby, if he chanced to look, could see the thin line of blue horizon underneath the farmhouse.

I had been sitting in the back of the taxi for two hours and had seen nothing but an occasional farm and the fields and had begun to lose all sense of place and direction, of where I'd come from and was going to, had become almost transfixed by the monotony of the land when I saw a sign, McCook CITY LIMITS, and another, POP. 7,687, and one after another the WELCOME TO McCOOK invitations put out by the Chamber of Commerce and the Masonic Lodge and the Kiwanis and Lions and Elks and Eagles and Rotary Clubs, and then nothing for a while until the cemetery and the drive-in theater, and then a little way on the A & W Root Beer stand, the Phillips 66 station and, quickly now, the wood-fronted pool hall, the bar, the M and E Diner and, turning onto Main Street, the city of McCook. It was built on a hill, seemingly the only rise for miles around.

There was nothing distinctive about the town, really—a few stores, churches, schools, houses, the McCook Braves ball park—certainly nothing one couldn't find in dozens of other towns throughout the country. Over the next few years I would live and pitch in several such towns—Eau Claire, Waycross, Palatka, Bradenton—and for longer periods of time than the two months I spent in McCook, Neb. And yet I remember none of them with the clarity of detail I do McCook. Possibly it is because McCook was the smallest town in which I would ever play baseball. Since I had no car, I walked everywhere, and within two months I got to know every street and store. No matter where I walked, I came quickly to the town's limits. There was so much openness beyond those limits, and always the horizons, almost suffocating in their possibilities. The horizons had intimidated the townspeople. There was too much out there for them to grasp. They saw nothing beyond their town, nothing to do, no place to go, except—after a two-hour drive across the plains—another town exactly like the one they had left. At times I felt bound by the limits of McCook. But only at times. Those horizons still had meaning for me, indicated direction. McCook was the first point on the map of my career. It would be a small but important part of my life and destiny, which would be fulfilled someplace else. I was as positive of this as only a self-absorbed, 18-year-old could be. I was right, although for reasons other than those I'd anticipated. McCook *was* a very important part of my life. It still is. In fact, its importance grows in my mind as I write.

It was the first place I lived alone. The life I built there was solely my responsibility. I was confronted each day with myriad possibilities—when to eat, what to do, whom to befriend. For a brief time I looked to my past for choices. I tried to remember what had been expected of me in similar



situations. Sometimes the situations in McCook were new. Nothing from the past applied. Increasingly, however, I refused to accept that which in another time and place had been acceptable. I turned, out of desire and necessity, to my own inclinations. What did I think? What did I feel? What did I want? I began to see things—myself and others—through my own eyes. What I saw and what I was is still clear to me today. Much of it is what I am today. But the person I was in McCook bore little resemblance to the one I had been under the watchful and protective eyes of my parents. And yet that new person, whether I liked it or not, was more consistent with my nature than the other ever had been.



It was a warm night, my first in McCook. From the top row of the stands behind home plate I watched the McCook Braves run onto the field and the first batter for the North Platte Indians emerged from the dugout, trailed by his shadow. There was a smattering of applause from the 800 fans who filled nearly every seat in the park this Tuesday evening in the first week of July. Tomorrow I would be a part of all this. But right now no one knew I was in town. Surrounded by strangers, I found my anonymity was exciting. It allowed me to watch the game with an objectivity that would be denied me once I became a part of the team. Sitting on the plank in front of me was a farmer in bib overalls. He wore a stiff straw hat with a tightly curled brim. Through the crown I could see the curve of his head. Beside him sat his wife and two young sons, their hair dampened and flattened by their mother's hand. She wore a white sleeveless blouse and a long cotton skirt that was fluffed out by crinolines and rested high in her lap. Every so often she would place her hands in her lap and press down gently. In the stands were many such families and teen-age girls in Bermuda shorts and teen-age boys in Levi's and football jerseys and prosperous-looking merchants dressed in white shirts and ties and pointy-toed cowboy boots. Throughout the game the fans gossiped and the teen-agers flirted in the shadows behind the stands, and occasionally someone clapped at a fine play on the field or shouted an epithet at the umpire, to the delight of his friends.

In the fifth inning the Braves were losing 8–6. It was a typical Class D game, filled with energetic but erratic play. Shortstops charged ground balls and kicked them past the pitcher's mound, then followed with diving catches of line drives. Outfielders went down on a knee to field groundball singles and then turned around and ran wildly toward the outfield fence to retrieve the balls that had rolled through their legs. On the next play one of these outfielders might catch a line drive over his shoulder so deep in centerfield, 420 feet away, that he was beyond the range of the lights He would disappear into the darkness, and the fans had to wait until the umpire, who had run into the darkness with him, emerged with his fist in the air before they could applaud the catch.

The pitchers on both sides were wild and none, I noted with satisfaction, threw as hard as I did. When the Braves tied the game in the sixth inning the fans cheered lustily. In the seventh I felt a cool breeze and heard the sound of gears changing in the parking lot. Some fans already had left and others were gathering their children, who had been playing underneath the stands, and were herding them toward the parking lot. The breeze grew cold and more forceful, and with it came the sibilant hiss of gas escaping from a stove. The hissing came from the nearby fairgrounds and was, I realized, only the rustling of tall grass in the wind. I looked out and saw on the plains a dark swirling mass rising like a horn of plenty into the sky. The sky was a translucent purple and the swirling mass was solid and black against it and seemed to be growing larger as it moved toward us. By the time it hit, the stands were all but deserted. The players' uniforms rippled and dust swirled everywhere. Batters

continued

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continued

stepped out of the box and turned their backs to it. Infielders flattened their gloves against their faces and peeked through spread fingers until a split second before the pitcher delivered the ball. At one point a pitcher reared back to throw and a gust blew him off the mound. The two managers charged out from the dugouts toward the home-plate umpire and an argument ensued as to whether or not the pitcher should be charged with a balk. Such incidents must not have been rare in the Nebraska State League because the umpire rendered a decision promptly, and the game resumed amid wind and dust that did not stop even when the rain fell. It came in big, heavy, widely spaced drops that hit the deserted planks in front of me with such force I could hear the splat and see dark splotches in the wood. In the ninth inning, with the score still tied, I heard a gunshot, and another, and then others coming quickly, and it wasn't until I heard the tinkling of broken glass and saw thin ribbons of smoke unraveling from the light poles that I realized the bulbs were exploding. The growing number of black spaces in the rows of lights resembled missing teeth in huge mouths, and each time a tooth was pulled there was a flash and a pop and smoke. On the field players looked quickly to the ground and shrugged their shoulders up about their ears so as not to be cut by falling glass. By the 10th inning the field had darkened considerably, and in the darkness the Braves managed to push across the winning run and the game was over.

It wasn't until the following afternoon when I saw Cihola Stadium, as it was called, in the light of day that its shabbiness disheartened me. It was beneath me, I thought. I arrived at the park at noon, having walked almost a mile from town. The sun was high and my teammates were in the middle of a workout. The pitchers were playing catch along the third-base line while the other players were taking part in fielding drills on the diamond. They all wore Milwaukee Brave uniforms. Six years before, those uniforms had probably been worn by players on the major-league club, and five years before by players on the Toledo Braves of the Triple A American Association, and four years before by players on the Atlanta Braves of the Double A Southern Association, and three years before by players on the Jacksonville Braves of the Class A Sally League, and so on down the line until finally they had settled, the thinned and yellowed residue of the system, on the backs of the McCook Braves. The uniforms were patched where someone from Toledo or Jacksonville or maybe even Milwaukee had broken up a double play or made a diving catch. Many of the tomahawks and numerals had been torn off and not replaced. All that remained to indicate a player's number was a dark shadow on his shirt where the numeral had been. Still, they *were* major-league uniforms. Inside the waistband of each pair of pants and on the tail of each shirt were stitched the name and number of the man who had first worn them: Spahn, 21, Mathews, 41. Minor-league players always fought for the uniform of the major-leaguer they most admired. It did not matter whether or not some 18-year-old third baseman was a 40 extra long and his idol, Eddie Mathews, a 46 stocky. The minor-leaguer would tolerate the uniform's ill fit for the sake of all the talent it still possessed. It was impossible for Mathews to wear the uniform without some of his talent remaining in it, possibly in those dark sweat stains that could never be laundered out. I was the last of the players to arrive in McCook and I would discover later, when I was given my uniform, that someone had mistakenly given Warren Spahn's uniform to a skinny pitcher named Dennis Overby. Vernon Bickford's uniform had been saved for me. It was in better condition than the others. It was almost new and fit perfectly.

I stood by the dugout for a while, conscious of my teammates' curious glances, and watched the manager, Bill Steinecke, hit ground balls to the infielders. When Steinecke finished he waddled out to a spot between second base and the pitcher's mound and began hitting flyballs to his outfielders. When he finished those drills he dismissed everyone but the pitchers. Of the 10 there that day, four were starters (I would be the fifth), and each had received a bonus of between $30,000 and $40,000. The least impressive looking and yet the one who would be most successful during the season was Overby, an 18-year-old with a milky complexion and a seriousness beyond his years. A lefthander, he delivered a baseball with such nonchalance it seemed to be thrown only by the force of his pulse. Because most of the bonus pitchers threw harder, we would watch in disbelief as Overby struck out batter after batter, achieving by savvy and control what none of us could achieve by simply closing our eyes and firing the ball with all our strength. I envied Overby. It was not fair, I thought, as I sat in the corner of the dugout and watched him coast from one win to another, all of which he treated with indifference, as one might regard inherited wealth. Because I hungered for his successes, I threw harder and harder, but wins came infrequently, and even when they did come they were muted in comparison to his. Secretly I began to root against him. I believed that every victory he achieved, every strikeout, had been snatched from my preordained allotment. Those were *my* successes! He was stealing them! I consoled myself with the knowledge that one day justice would prevail, things would right themselves as I'd been taught they always did. And they did — for both of us.

The righting began the following spring. I had been assigned to the Braves' minor-league training camp at Waycross, Ga., while Dennis had been invited to the major-league camp at Bradenton. Each week I would pick up *The Sporting News* to read of his progress. In one intersquad game he struck out Eddie Mathews, Hank Aaron and Joe Adcock in succession. He was the sensation of that spring, and before the camp closed he was voted the Braves' most-likely successor to Warren Spahn by the sportswriters who had seen him pitch. He was given a watch. Then one cold day after a heavy rain he slipped on a muddy mound and hurt his left arm. The doctors who examined him said he would never pitch again. But because the Braves had given him a bonus, the payments of which were spread over four years, they refused to let him go. If he quit before his contract expired he would lose his bonus money. Each spring Dennis would be assigned to Waycross and immediately put on the disabled list. While the rest of us worked out with various teams in the system, Dennis remained teamless. His

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shirt bore no number. Often as I warmed up to start a game I would see him on some empty diamond running wind sprints in the outfield. He ran them in a halfhearted way, sensing, I'm sure, the idiocy of keeping himself in shape for a game he would never pitch. Sometimes I would see him throwing a baseball against a screen. Not throwing, actually, but pushing the ball in that funny, straining way a shotputter does, his ear inclining toward his left shoulder as if to hear the pain.

During the 1959 season 20 pitchers would appear in a McCook Braves uniform, although never more than 10 at any one time. Only one, Phil Niekro, a 20-year-old knuckleballer from Blaine, Ohio, would ever have a major-league career. In 1969 Niekro won 23 games for the Atlanta Braves and became the first knuckleball pitcher to win that many games in 55 years. He is still a starter on the Atlanta staff. In 1959, however, the Braves had given him $500 and sent him to McCook as the 10th pitcher on the staff. At first he appeared only in the final innings of hopelessly lost games. He was ineffective because he could not throw his knuckleball over the plate and preferred instead to use one of his other pitches, all of which were deficient. In fact, *he* seemed deficient. He was tall, blond and affected a deferential slouch. I dismissed him as a timid man. Years later I would realize that what I had mistaken for timidity was actually a simplicity of nature. Phil Niekro was the least complex man I had ever met. He devoted his life to the mastering of a pitch. He had been taught that pitch by his father when he was six years old and had still not mastered it when he reached McCook. It is a capricious pitch. It has no logic. Even its name is illogical, since knuckles have nothing to do with its performance. To throw one a pitcher digs the nails of his first two fingers into the seams of the baseball and then pushes the ball to the plate with the same motion he would use to close a door. Once released, the ball has no spin. It is caught immediately by invisible currents of air. (A spinning ball cuts through the currents and takes a direction of its own.) The vagaries of the currents may cause a knuckleball to rise or dip or flutter left and right, or maybe all of those things, or maybe just some of them, or maybe none at all. It may just float lazily plateward. Its flight pattern is as erratic as a hummingbird's. A pitcher has no control over the pitch. He imposes nothing on the ball, simply surrenders to its will. To be successful a knuckleball pitcher must recognize this fact and then decide that his destiny lies only with the pitch and that he will throw it constantly no matter where it leads him. It was in McCook that Phil Niekro first surrendered his will to the whims of his knuckleball and, thereafter, his success began. It is a surrender a more complex man could never make, but one that eventually brought Phil Niekro a success none of his teammates at McCook ever approached.

I stayed to myself at first. I lived in a room at the Keystone Hotel. In the afternoons I walked to the armory. I dressed with my teammates and then sat in the backseat of one of their cars for the short ride to Cibola. I stared out the window and said nothing. Until I pitched my first game (and awed my teammates with my talent) I would not feel a part of the team. After the games I returned to town and sat on the bench in front of the Keystone until midnight. I was fascinated by the cars "dragging Main." It was a ritual I'd never seen back home in Fairfield, Conn. and which, I learned, was indigenous to small isolated towns like McCook. The cars were mostly older rectangular Chevy Nomads and boxy Ford coupes and, occasionally, a low-slung and ponderous black Mercury with a narrow windshield and humped back that crawled up Main Street looking as sinister as an alligator. The teen-agers beeped their horns and gunned their motors and, hanging halfway out of the windows, shouted to passing cars filled with their friends.

One night I was standing on the curb in front of the hotel when I saw Ron Hunt, then an 18-year-old third baseman, now the second baseman of the Montreal Expos, walking up the hill toward me. As he approached, a car filled with girls drove by. I waved. They waved back and the car continued down the hill. Hunt noticed my gesture and came over to talk. He was shy and earnest with a very short crew cut that made his large ears look even larger. He was the first of my teammates with whom I'd had a conversation. We talked about our hometowns and our ambitions and hinted at the size of our bonuses. He seemed reticent to reveal the amount of his but eager to discover mine. I told him offhandedly it was a lot more than $20,000 (actually it was $45,000). "Gosh!" he said.

When Ron Hunt asked me to be his roommate that night, I gladly accepted. I moved in the following morning. We lived in a gray house a few blocks north of the hotel. It was owned by a tiny stooped lady with steel-gray hair. Ron introduced her as "Mom," which momentarily confused me. Then I realized she was not actually his mother. She charged us $8 a week to sleep in a single room with two cots and one bureau. For another dollar she would serve us breakfast and allow us to watch television with her at night. I declined the latter offer but Ron didn't, although I'm sure she never got around to charging him that extra dollar. When I woke each morning I would hear them in the kitchen. "Have another piece of toast, son," she would say. He would laugh and tell her she treated him better than his own mother did. I always waited until she left the kitchen before slipping out the door and walking downtown to eat my breakfast. After the games at night I continued to spend my time in front of the Keystone Hotel. I would stay there until I knew both Ron and Mom had finished watching television and gone to bed.

I envied the intimacy they shared. I was alone and would have been pleased to find in McCook some familial warmth. But I could never call her Mom. It embarrassed me. Their intimacy seemed too easily acquired, like a new glove broken in by someone else. No matter how comfortably it fit the contours of your hand it would never feel quite right. It was someone else's glove. The oils that had softened and molded it had come from someone else's palm. Its comfort, then, was unearned. The ability to deal intimately with strangers was something I did not have nor think worth acquiring. I chose distance instead. I never spoke more than a few perfunctory words to Mom as I entered or left her

continued

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Again.



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house. She told Ron I was aloof, unfriendly. I do not remember what she was, other than an old woman in whose house I once slept for $8 a week.

Ten days after I arrived in McCook Bill Steinecke told me I would pitch the second game of a night doubleheader against the Holdrege White Sox in Holdrege. The first game went 15 innings. In the 11th inning Steinecke told me that if the game did not end soon there would be no second game. A town ordinance prohibited any game from starting after 11:50 p.m., and it was already 10:30. "You'll get your start some other day," he said. In the 12th inning the White Sox got a runner on third and I prayed they would score him. They didn't. In the following half-inning I prayed that the Braves would score a run, but they didn't. My allegiance skipped back and forth between the teams until finally the Braves won in the 15th. It was 11:30 p.m. "We'll start as soon as you're warmed up," Steinecke said. My warmup catcher was Elrod Hendricks, who had caught all 15 innings of the first game and would sit out the second. He had just unbuckled his shin guards and sat back in the dugout when I told him I had to warm up.

"Oh, mon! Got plenty time," he said in the calypso lilt of his native Virgin Islands.

"I gotta start now," I said, and walked down to the bullpen. He followed, shaking his head. He was very black, and in the dimly lighted bullpen I could barely make out his face. I began to throw hard almost from the first pitch. He was standing and catching the ball with a carefree snap of his glove. Before he returned each pitch he spoke to the fans standing alongside the fence. I could see his white teeth as he smiled. "Hurry up," I shouted, but he seemed not to hear me. He lobbed the ball back in a lazy arc. He was still standing a few minutes later when I began to throw full speed. I motioned for him to get down in a crouch and give me a target. He did, slowly, as if with great pain, and I heard the fans laughing. I fired the next pitch over his head. He made a halfhearted swipe at it with his glove. The ball rolled to the dugout.

"You coulda had that!" I kicked the dirt in front of me. "Jeez, hurry up!"

I saw his teeth again. "You don' like it, mon, get 'nother catcher."

"I will, damn it!" I ran down to the dugout and got Joe Shields. When Hendricks saw me return with Shields he said, "Why you won' do thot, mon? Make Elrod look bod to monager. Shouldn't do thot. We talk 'bout it in McCook, eh?" He was shaking his head as he spoke, yet I could see his teeth, so he must have been smiling, too.

My performance in that game, my first professional one, would typify my career. It was brief and resolved nothing. I pitched 2⅓ innings before Steinecke took me out of the game with the score tied 2–2. I proved I had great talent (*i.e.*, potential) by striking out four of the seven batters I retired, and proved that that talent was undisciplined by walking five batters in less than three innings. I surrendered no hits and, in fact, refused to let the White Sox batters make contact with the ball. In the third inning I struck out one man and walked two in succession before Steinecke trotted to the mound.

"You're trying to throw the ball by everyone," he said. "Relax, let them hit it. We'll help you." He looked over his shoulder at the next batter, a skinny, spectacled infielder named Al Weis. He would star for the New York Mets in the 1969 World Series, the same Series in which Elrod Hendricks would catch for the Baltimore Orioles.

"This so-and-so is gonna hunt the runners over," Steinecke said. "You let him. If he bunts toward first base you go to first with the ball, but if he hunts down to third, try to nail the lead runner. You understand?" I nodded, but as soon as he left the mound I decided to strike out Weis. I walked him on four pitches and then walked the next batter on four pitches to force in a run.

"That's it," Steinecke said, waddling to the mound.

"They're not hitting me," I said.

"No, they're not," he said with a maniacal smile of glee. "But you're not gettin' the — out either." He spit tobacco juice on my shoes and wiped the excess from his chin. "No siree, podner, you are not getting them out, are you?"

I walked off the mound and sat in the dugout. I didn't know what I was supposed to feel at that moment. I had expected to strike out 18 batters and pitch a two-hit shutout or maybe get hit unmercifully. I would have understood that, too. But this? It confused me. It was so inconclusive. What did it mean? I was still sitting there stunned when my teammates came in from the field at the end of the inning. I heard Ron Hunt say, "Man, my roomie really throws bullets, don't he?" Then he lowered his voice and said, "He got a big bonus, you know. Really big!"

I relaxed considerably. It hadn't been a total loss after all. Now, thanks to my roomie, they all knew. That was enough to satisfy me for the time being and, in fact, probably gave me as much satisfaction as a victory would have. At the time I preferred those pure, transitory moments of success—points proved—that could be gotten quickly and stood out clearly (I threw *that* hard!). They did not require the drudgery that a more substantial success demanded.

The following morning I was sitting in front of the Keystone Hotel reading a newspaper when I heard a voice say, "Heh, mon, been looking for you." I looked over the paper to see Elrod smiling down at me.

"What for?" I said. He hit me on the side of the head and I fell off the bench. I landed in a sitting position on the sidewalk, my legs spread out in front of me. I was still holding the newspaper. I was more dazed than hurt. Then I remembered the night before, but was still not sure that was why Elrod had hit me. It was not enough, I thought, not enough for *me* to hit someone. There must be more. I had been shoved into this melodrama without having played the first scene. And he was still smiling at me! I got up and he swung again. This time I blocked the punch with my arm. We circled warily. To the death? I wondered. But I wasn't even angry. I just wished he would put down his arms and walk away. But he didn't. I thought of my career. Two and one-third innings. Would that be *it*?

Once the excitement of my arrival in McCook and the start of my career had worn off, I discovered it was a dull life. The mornings and afternoons were free, and endless. Only

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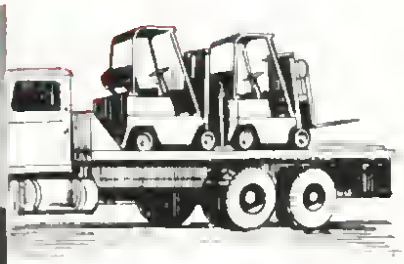




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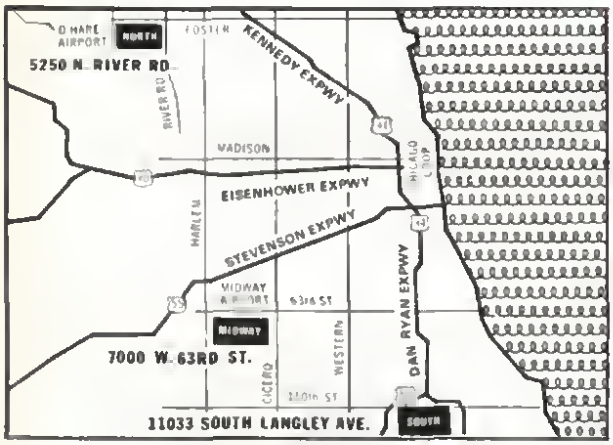
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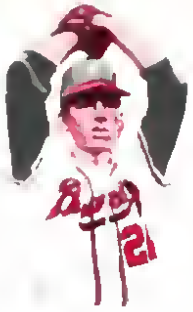
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continued

the hours from six to 11 p.m., when the games were played, held any excitement. Those games were our only reality. Our lives were lived primarily within nine innings and were greatly affected by what took place during them. The rest was nothing but dead time to be filled somehow. There was a pool hall that opened at noon and a bar that served those over 21. There were two movie theaters, the drive-in and the Fox, both of which opened at seven p.m. and closed at midnight. At best, after a night game we could rush to see the final minutes of the same movie two weeks running. We had only ourselves to alleviate the boredom. Often I would sit by myself for long periods of time in the old band shelter in the small park across from the hotel. Most of the players drifted into cliques. They shared the boredom as if it were a weight that could be lessened in proportion to the number of shoulders that bore it.

One night, walking home from the armory, I passed the town bar. Through the window I could see several of the older players. The room was dimly lit but their faces were illumined in an eerie way by the colored lights of a pinball machine around which they stood. They held bottles of beer, and every so often one would raise a bottle to his lips, tip his head back and take a long swallow. They took turns playing the machine. As the silver balls ricocheted underneath the glass they laughed and pointed at the flickering scoreboard. I watched for a while, not daring to go inside and suffer the humiliation of being denied service because I was under 21. Besides, I had not yet acquired a taste for beer, nor for pinball machines, though I definitely did desire the camaraderie the older players seemed to share.

A few nights later I got up the nerve to walk over to their house after a game. They were sitting around in their underwear, talking, swearing and drinking beer. They offered me a beer, too, and I sat down with them. I said very little at first, but after a few sips began to talk loudly and slur my words. I was not drunk really, just showing off, and it wasn't until I saw the disgusted looks on their faces that I realized I had done the wrong thing.

I lacked something, I decided. But what? I gave up my efforts to befriend the older players. Still, I did not spend much time with Ron Hunt, either. I had grown estranged from him over the weeks. We had little in common. I was restless, preferring to spend my free time downtown, while Ron would rather have stayed home with Mom. One afternoon I returned to our house to find Ron standing on the front lawn with one arm around a middle-aged man in a business suit and the other around a woman with a corsage pinned to her dress. Mom—that is, the woman in whose house we slept—was peering at the three of them through a Brownie camera. After she snapped the picture, Ron introduced the man to me as "my dad," and the woman as "my mom." A few weeks later I returned home another afternoon to find the same scene being played out. Ron, smiling, his arms around a man and a woman. Only they were different people. Mom snapped their picture. Ron called me over. "I want you to meet my dad," he said. "And this is my mom." I later learned that his parents had been divorced and had each remarried, so he had two sets of them, of moms and dads, not counting any others who befriended him along the way. It was a source of comfort to him.

Most of the younger players lived together in a house. I went there once and found little to interest me. They spent their time writing to mothers and girl friends. The former always seemed to be sending cookies and the latter pictures of themselves. The players treated the snapshots of one another's girl friend with great reverence no matter how unpretty that girl might be. Each player was faithful to his snapshot and, in fact, made as great a production of his faithfulness as a reformed alcoholic does of his sobriety ("It's been 32 days since I last saw her"). Dennis Overby went so far as to bring his girl friend to McCook. One night while she was there he struck out 17 batters and the next day they were seen at 11 o'clock Mass. Afterward she flew back to Fond du Lac.

I had a girl friend back home, also. She is now my wife, has been these past 13 years. She says I sent few letters from McCook. They were never more than a few lines, scrawled in large letters across one side of a piece of notepaper. She kept one:

Dearest Carol,

I miss you so much. I love you an awful lot. I can't wait to see you again. How are you? Fine, I hope. I have a terrific roommate. His name is Ron Hunt. He has a girl friend back home, too, and all we do is talk about each of you. He's a swell guy and I wish you could meet him. I pitched yesterday but was wild. My arm didn't feel real good. But I still throw harder than anyone on the club. And I'm learning lots about pitching and lots of other things. Love and kisses, Pat.

P.S. Please don't worry about my arm!

Why, of all people, did I become friendly with Julius French? I often wonder. Neither of us fit in on the team, and so we gravitated toward each other. But that is a shaky foundation on which to build a friendship—one that turned out to consist primarily of sullen silences. At best we shared a common moodiness, a dissatisfaction, but with what we did not know. French was regarded as a troublemaker, and most people avoided him. He said he had signed a contingent bonus contract with the Braves and had been promised $10,000 if he remained on the McCook roster 60 days.

We met every day at the pool hall and played throughout the afternoon. Our games began jovially enough, but always turned sour. We fought each other across the table, took out our private frustrations in those games. The day's loser stalked out of the pool hall determined never again to speak to the winner. Those resolutions lasted a few hours, sometimes even a day, but never longer. We were parted and reunited by our murky dissatisfactions and the grudging admission that we needed someone with whom to share them. Our friendship was neither forced nor intimate.

Julius and I watched home games from the bullpen in the left-field corner. We sat on a picnic bench and chewed tobacco. We stretched out our legs in front of us, dug the heels of our spikes into the ground and pushed back slightly so that the bench tottered and our backs rested against the wire fence that separated us from the fans behind us.

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We held this pose for innings, hats pulled down over our eyes, hands folded on our stomachs, stirring ourselves only to spit tobacco juice high into the air, part our legs quickly and close them again before we lost our balance. The bullpen was in the shadows and so far from home plate that we could see the ball in the catcher's glove a split second before we heard its crack. We watched the games with faint interest. They were being played by someone else and so affected their careers, not ours. We rarely found ourselves a part of those games, and only by accident. One night a base hit skipped over the foul line and hooked under our bench. We were so surprised at this intrusion into our solitude that we didn't move until we heard the puffing and cursing and pounding feet of the opposing team's leftfielder. We dove off the bench just before he grabbed the ball and fired it to third base. Julius dusted himself off with mock solemnity and said, "Damn, fella, show some manners!" The fans in the stands laughed and we righted our bench and resumed our pose.

More often the closest we came to the action was when Phil Niekro sprinted to the bullpen to warm up before going in to save yet another game. Most of the time we just sat there chewing tobacco and cursing Overby's luck as he struck out batter after batter. To help pass the time there were always a few young boys rattling the fence behind us. They pleaded with us to show them our gloves. Like prisoners they reached their hands through the fence and tried the gloves on. They pounded their fists into the gloves and shouted, "Fire it to me, babe!" When we turned our backs they tried to pull the gloves through the fence, but the openings were too small. They would lose interest in the gloves and ask us to give them a baseball. Often we did, but only in return for a hot dog or a hamburger, which we ate behind our raised gloves so that Steinecke could not see us from his spot in the third-base-coach box.

It was difficult to sustain enthusiasm when we were not pitching, and even more so considering the number of games we played in only two months. We had no scheduled days off, not even for travel, because none of the league's six towns was farther than a three-hour bus ride from any other league town. Our road trips were one-night stands. We arrived in time for batting practice, played the game, ate supper at midnight and returned to McCook at around four a.m. Because we never stayed overnight in these towns, I have retained no sense of them. I remember only that to reach Hastings and Holdrege and Kearney and North Platte and Grand Island we had to pass through miles of flatland that smelled sweetly of alfalfa and occasionally through a town like Funk or Indianola or Wellfleet or Juniata or Arapahoe that was only a block long.

I remember specifically only one afternoon. We had stopped to eat at a roadside café outside of Holdrege. It began to rain and the drops splattered the plate glass window. Soon hailstones were bouncing off the window. They grew larger and larger, until they were the size of a book. They were flat, jagged chunks of ice that looked as if they were torn from an iceberg and were being hurled against the window by some savage god. The ice hit the window with a clang, and the window buckled and rippled like a transparent sheet of aluminum. Everyone in the cafe huddled against the far wall away from the window. We stared at it in disbelief and waited for it to shatter. But the hail stopped as suddenly as it had begun and seconds later the sun was shining. The sun grew hot now and quickly melted the hailstones. Outside, we searched for the larger pieces we had seen hit the window but could find none. We had begun to doubt their size when one of the waitresses pointed to the used-car lot across the street and we saw cars with shattered windshields and pockmarked bodies.

The sun stayed out for the rest of the afternoon and that night we played a doubleheader against the Holdrege White Sox, although how those games turned out I cannot remember. I do not remember much of any of the games we played on the road other than those in which I pitched. I remember in detail, for instance, a game I started in Grand Island in mid-July. I defeated the Grand Island Athletics 1–0 for my first victory in professional baseball. My mound opponent was Jose Santiago, a tall Puerto Rican with stiletto sidehurns. Santiago would one day become a successful pitcher for the Boston Red Sox, for whom he started two games in the 1967 World Series. That night in 1959 I was a better pitcher than he by a slight margin. I threw harder. We matched each other's serves for eight innings before Ron Hunt scored from third on a fly ball to shallow center. He dove headfirst past the lunging catcher. I hugged him when he entered the dugout. I ended the game by striking out the last batter on three pitches. In nine innings I had struck out 11, walked three and surrendered two singles. It was the kind of performance that would hound me throughout my career. I would produce such games once in every four starts. After them, my manager would say, "It shows you can do it." But I could never summon those games and, in fact, the harder I tried to duplicate them the more elusive they became. In my next three starts I failed to last beyond the fourth inning. Then, when I was about to despair, it all returned in a whoosh—speed, curve, control, savvy, even luck—and I pitched a game of blinding and maddening brilliance.

I remember the first game I pitched after my two-hitter in Grand Island. It was my first appearance at Cibola Stadium. The *McCook Gazette* carried an article about me. It described me as one of the brightest of the McCook Braves' pitching prospects. It mentioned that I was a bonus baby. I was very nervous before the game and determined to impress the fans with at least a repeat of my performance against Grand Island. I walked the first three batters and then struck out one. The fans cheered. I saw myself striking out the side with all those runners on base. I walked the next batter and the next, and when Steinecke came out to the mound and I saw Niekro walking from the bullpen I made no attempt to dispute Steinecke's decision. I escaped to the dugout. When the inning was over Steinecke told me I could return to the armory and take a shower. "You're through for the night," he said. I stepped out of the dugout and walked through the fence into the parking lot.

I felt my second game at Cibola Stadium would be a

continued

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continued

chance to redeem myself. But I did not pitch much better than I had the game before. I lasted a few innings before the other team got two hits off me and I began firing the ball like a madman. Finally Steinceke came out to the mound. "What an exhibition!" he snapped. "Go take a shower!"

I stormed off the mound. I kept on walking past the dugout, into the parking lot and beyond to the road that led to the armory. I was in a rage, and only when I'd walked for a few minutes in the darkness did I realize what a long walk was ahead. I could see the low, flat silhouette of the armory far in the distance. I passed a few houses, my spikes clicking against the sidewalk, and then the sidewalk ended and I was walking on the dirt shoulder alongside the road with only the sound of the crickets for company. My rage became despair and finally self-pity.

I was fascinated by Bill Steinecke from the first moment I'd met him. I introduced myself to him and said, "You must be my coach."

"Coach, my ass," he said. "That jerk who put flowers in your hair in high school was your coach. I am your manager. Your skipper. Skip. Steinecke. Steiny. Bill. Anything but your coach." And he walked away.

He was right, of course. He was nothing like any coach I'd ever had. My high school coach led us in prayer before each game. We knelt on the ground in a circle, lowered our heads, put our hands on top of one another's in the center of that circle and prayed to St. Jude for victory. Steiny did not lead us in prayer.

I came to worship Bill Steinecke. I spent hours learning how to chew tobacco without getting sick. I cursed the umpires, called Julius "podner" in imitation of Steinecke, would do anything he asked. But he asked nothing. He demanded nothing, explained nothing. He assumed all. When I became aware of his reason for starting me every five days despite my poor performances—my bonus—he did not congratulate me on my perception. I should have realized sooner. An adult would have. He was the first adult ever to treat me as an equal. Whether I was or not seemed of no concern to him. That was my problem.

Julius French was given his unconditional release in August, a few days before the $10,000 contingent bonus was due him. He had pitched sporadically and indifferently. He *seemed* to be a major-league prospect, but to the Braves was not worth the money they would have to pay to find out for certain. Julius did not get a cent in bonus money, receiving only what he had been paid as a salary. I learned of his release when I arrived at the armory one afternoon. He had left McCook without saying goodby. I was glad. I did not like goodbys, never have. I distrust the emotions that rise from them, that are magnified and distorted by them. That was the basis for much of our brief friendship. We both distrusted emotion, saw in its external show hints of false sentiments.

I never heard from Julius again and saw his name only once—on the roster of a Triple-A team in the Cleveland Indian organization.

Without Julius during those final weeks I was left to my solitary devices—pool and the bench in front of the Keystone Hotel. I saw my teammates only during the games and occasionally, by accident, downtown. Ron Hunt and I seldom spoke anymore. We passed each other with faint nods as we entered or left Mom's house.

I spent a lot of time in those weeks drinking coffee in drugstores. I often hit two or three drugstores in one morning. I liked to sit at the long Formica counters, sipping coffee and watching the waitresses. They were farm girls with thick bodies that strained against their nylon uniforms as they reached and stooped. The sound of those moving bodies, nylon slips and stockings rustling against nylon uniforms, never failed to excite me, still does. I was fascinated by the offhand way they glided through their routine—tapped huge steel urns, balanced cups and saucers halfway up each arm, cleaned a counter with a swipe of the cloth, pocketing their tips in the same motion. And upon seeing a familiar face enter the store, they had a cup of coffee ready for the customer before he reached the counter. I wondered if one day I would walk through that door and before I'd swung my leg over the stool there would be a cup of coffee waiting for me, too.

I stayed in those drugstores for hours, nursing my coffee and waiting for midmorning when businessmen and farmers and housewives and secretaries would pour in and the counter grew crowded and noisy around me. I liked the feeling of being in the middle of such a crowd, in the middle of people moving through familiar lives, meeting familiar faces, while my life at the time was so unfamiliar and all the faces in it those of strangers. Sitting there, eavesdropping, I shared in their lives. But I never once abandoned my anonymity, never once turned left or right and reached into one of those lives. I just took comfort from their presence and poured more milk into my coffee until it was nothing but milk. My anonymity gave me freedom and a certain distance from those lives which, if entered, I might discover to be oppressively familiar in a way I did not care to see. They could never escape them as I could, by simply standing up and walking outside into the sunlight of my own unknown and myriad possibilities.

I finished my summer at McCook with a 3-3 record and a 3.54 earned run average. I gave up 41 hits in 56 innings. I walked 55 batters and struck out 56. I have obtained those statistics from a back copy of *The Sporting News*. I'd forgotten them. I have forgotten much from those games, which at the time were so important. Small fragments, like the hailstones in Holdrege, they have dissolved in my memory. There are some, however, that have not melted, that have surfaced hard and cold and sharp from my subconscious. They seldom concern the games ("my only reality"), but rather deal with the dead time I passed in McCook. They float about, banging into one another in a disturbing way until finally they hit a piece with which they fit and form a larger piece and, repeating that process, a still larger one until they have taken a shape I now can recognize. END



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When Rabbits Made Some Cowboy Stew

Looking back over the long summers there is agreement that all of them were very warm, but somehow it seems, to the old cowboys, that 100° was just hotter years ago than it is now. Certainly 1932 was no exception. Walking across the sandy wastes of West Texas was like walking across a stretch of live coals. Even the horned toads were stepping gingerly and the only thing a man could really do was sit in a cool shadowy place and consider extraordinary schemes.

In this fashion was hatched the Great Rabbit-Roping Ruckus—one of those events that went down in history and stayed there, but that did add nevertheless a ripple to its particular and peculiar time.

In Odessa in 1932 the principal concern of the members—almost all of them cowboys—of the American Legion post was the town's annual rodeo; what it needed was publicity.

According to one version of subsequent events, the planners got their inspiration from a party of visitors from the East. The Easterners accompanied their rancher-host on a wagon ride across the plains. As the rancher stood in the slowly moving wagon, idly twirling his lariat, a jackrabbit was startled from its noonday nap and sprinted away, bounding in the manner peculiar to all jackrabbits.

The rancher tossed his lariat in its general direction, and in shock he saw his noose fall true and the rabbit bite the dust. His visitors exclaimed delightedly, and although the rancher was at first modest, he finally admitted that such skill was commonplace among West Texas cowboys, some of whom were capable of rounding up entire herds of jackrabbits, armed with little more than a sturdy rope.

What happened next is that a young newspaperman named R. Henderson Shuffler informed the wire services that the world's only professional rabbit-roping event would be a part of the annual Odessa rodeo. Further press releases presented the jackrabbit as a canny creature capable of defending itself with its bare paws against a lone cowboy.

Letters of protest began to flow into the tiny Odessa post office. An official of the Colorado State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection wired Sheriff Reeder Webb that roping rabbits was a crime in that state, punishable by a $500 fine and two years in jail. A letter signed by 21 residents of another state demanded that rabbit roping be eliminated as inhumane and demoralizing. The rodeo sponsors could not understand how an event that was impossible could be inhumane, but they did understand they had struck a bonanza of newspaper space, and their next move was to join the irate letter writers. The heretofore ignored jackrabbit was a page-one feature for several days, the center of a national controversy, praised and protected by friends it never knew it had.

Undeterred by attacks, the Legion proceeded with plans for the rabbit roping. Sheriff Webb and a number of the cowboy members contrived a trap in the rangeland southeast of town. Their bowlegs proved a curious handicap but eventually the cowboys corralled a dozen jackrabbits and herded them triumphantly to the rodeo grounds. Significantly, not a single one of the rabbits was captured with a rope.

Surprisingly, for an event every West Texan realized was preposterous, there was no shortage of challengers for the wily jacks. One published estimate calculated that 75 contestants paid the entrance fee and prepared to become the world's first rabbit-roping champion. An oldtimer still around Odessa in 1968 recalled that although the entries included "a lot of new people . . . those oil-field people" they also included some very competent cow punchers like "the Duncan boys" from Pecos and some veteran hands from Fort Stockton.

Rodeo day dawned good and hot and the crowd began assembling early around the lake north of town. (It should be noted here that in West Texas the word "lake" does not necessarily denote a body of water.) The natural amphitheater was surrounded by a quarter-horse track and equipped with such traditional trappings as chutes and corrals. Also with the very first rabbit-roping arena—an area approximately the size of a suburban living room, fenced in by chicken wire.

Sheriff Webb opened festivities astride a striped-legged cow, and after the usual flurry of bronc riding and calf roping the great rabbit-roping event began. The first roper stepped gingerly into the pen. Admittedly, he had no tradition or experience to call upon. After one jackrabbit and then a second and finally a third had flashed by him he stepped back out, embarrassed. This left the second roper, with no more experience and tradition than the first had had.

As the crowd jeered, cowboy after cowboy stood uncomfortable and helpless while the furry frustrating animals skipped around them. At first the punchers relied on their old skills with the rope but as their attempts failed they became desperate and were reduced to blind luck, hoping a hopping jackrabbit might blunder into their loop.

Some say not a single jackrabbit was ever roped, others that the sheriffs from Mentone and Pecos were successful and that a number of women captured prizes with their bare hands—thus qualifying as history's first jackrabbit hulldoggers.

Rabbit roping was finished forever as a rodeo sport at that time and in that dusty place. The arena, far from being declared a site of historic interest and marked with a permanent monument, is now occupied by the Shadows Night Club and the Navajo Freight Lines. An odd and ugly little statue of a jackrabbit, across the street from the Chamber of Commerce building, does commemorate the event and provides a keen place for today's drugstore cowboys to scratch their initials.

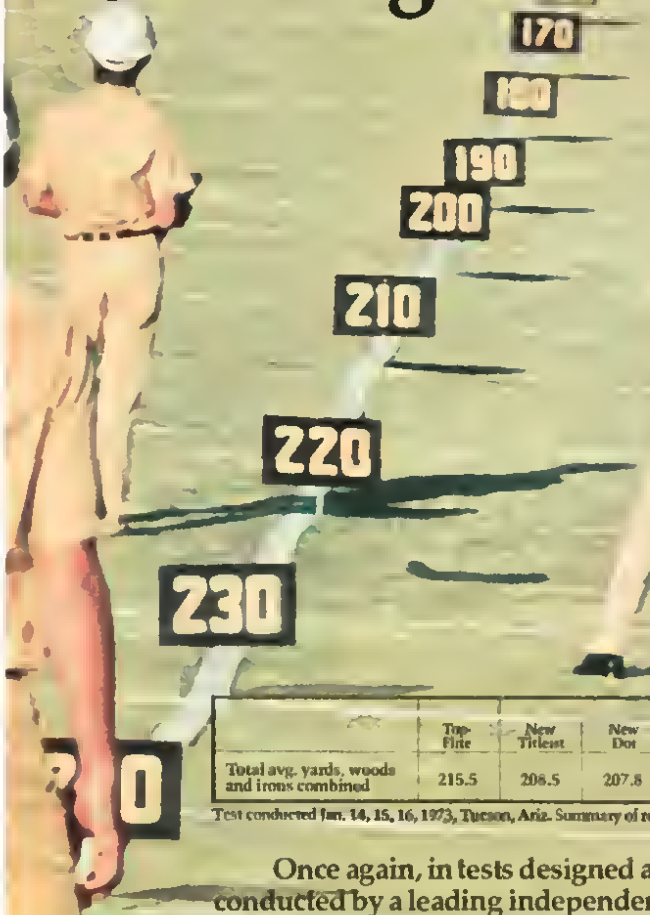
Reeder Webb, the rough and tough sheriff, retired from law enforcement many years ago. He lives around the corner from the jackrabbit statue in a white frame house on Sam Houston Street.

"People around here didn't pay any attention to the rabbit roping," he says. "It was people away off, and newspapers. A bunch of silly Easterners tried to raise hell, but it was ignorance on their part. They didn't know what they were doing. Not one time in a hundred thousand could you catch a jackrabbit with a rope. It'd be like roping quail."

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 29-June 4

BOXING Argentina's CARLOS MONZON retained his world middleweight crown with a 15-round unanimous decision over Emile Griffith, in Monte Carlo. It was Griffith's second fruitless attempt to regain the crown he held twice before.

GOLF—KATHY CORNELIUS won the richest first prize in the history of the LPGA, defeating Judy Rankin on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff in the $100,000 Sealy-Fabergé Open in Las Vegas (*page 84*).

TOM WEISKOPF won his second tournament in three tries, beating Lanny Wadkins by three strokes in the $200,000 Kemper Open in Charlotte, N.C. Weiskopf capitalized on the absence of JACK NICKLAUS, who beat him by two strokes in the Atlanta Classic the week before. The $30,000 first prize had put Nicklaus in the top money-winner's spot with $176,064. Weiskopf, with $87,100 in four weeks, is now fourth.

HARNESS RACING SONGCAN ($3.20), driven by Jack Quinn, scored a 3¼-length victory over Modern Yankee in the $55,785 American National Stake for 4-year-old trotters at Sportsman's Park, Chicago.

HORSE RACING LIFE CYCLE ($9.20), ridden by Laffit Pincay, finished 1¾ lengths ahead of Wing Out to win the $125,000 Hollywood Invitational Turf Handicap at Hollywood Park. Heavily favored Cougar II was third.

KNIGHTLY DAWN ($16.40), ridden by Jaime Arellano, won the $131,200 Jersey Derby at Garden State Park by a nose over Put Smiles.

TENTAM ($16.60), Jorge Velasquez up, won the $114,300 Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont by 1¼ lengths over Key to the Mint. The 1972 Kentucky Derby and Belmont winner, Riva Ridge, finished next to last.

LACROSSE—Overcoming stalling tactics, MARYLAND gained the NCAA championship with a 10-9 overtime victory over Johns Hopkins (*page 26*).

The newly selected 1973 U.S. Women's Team defeated Great Britain's Touring Team 6-4 at the USWLA National Tournament in Weston, Mass. The British finished 8-4-2 against American sectional and national teams.

MOTOR SPORTS—JACKIE STEWART tied the late Jim Clark for number of Grand Prix victories—25—as he drove a Tyrrell-Ford to the winner's circle of the 31st Monte Carlo Formula I race. Only 10 of 29 starters finished the 78-lap event, with Brazil's Emerson Fittipaldi in a JPS Lotus right behind Stewart. The winner averaged 80.96 mph and brought his season point standing to 37, four behind leader Fittipaldi.

In the seventh leg of the World Manufacturers Championship series, JACKIE ICKX and BRIAN REDMAN drove a Ferrari 312P to victory in the 621-mile race at Nurburgring. The pair averaged 111.8 mph for the 44 laps and the win increased Ferrari's point standing to 95 and its lead over second-place Porsche to 23.

Driving a Dodge, BUDDY BAKER averaged 134.890 mph to win his second consecutive NASCAR World 600 in Charlotte, N.C. and the $25,200 first prize. David Pearson, in a Wood Brothers Mercury, was second.

ROWING—WISCONSIN swept the varsity, junior varsity and freshman eights in the 71st Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta on Onondaga Lake in Syracuse, N.Y. (*page 90*).

TENNIS—MARGARET COURT captured her fifth French Open title in 12 years, downing Chris Evert 6-7, 7-6, 6-4 in Paris. COURT and VIRGINIA WADE won the women's doubles 6-2, 6-3 over Françoise Durr and Betty Stove, while JOHN NEWCOMBE and TOM OKKER beat Jimmy Connors and Ilie Nastase 6-1, 3-6, 6-3, 5-7, 6-4 for the men's.

TRACK & FIELD—Olympian and former Notre Dame star RICK WOHLHUTER broke Jim Ryun's seven-year-old half-mile-run record with a time of 1:44.6 in the Vons Classic at Los Angeles Coliseum. The Chicago Track Club member who, like Ryun, fell during his heat in Munich, bettered Ryun's mark by .3.

RICK WOHLHUTER continued his impressive performances with a 3:58.8 mile victory at the U.S. Track and Field Federation Championships in Wichita. JEFF BENNETT won the USTFF decathlon with 8,040 points, the highest total in the world this year.

At the Kennedy Games in Berkeley, Calif., KATHY SCHMIDT broke her American women's javelin record with a throw of 208' 1". It was the third meet this season in which the Long Beach City College sophomore has bettered her own mark. AL FEUERBACH tossed the shot 71' 1½", the fourth-best effort in history. Only Feuerbach and Randy Matson have done better.

STEVE PREFONTAINE turned in the fastest time this year for the two-mile run with an 8:24.6 in Eugene, Ore.

NCAA College Division meet records were set in Crawfordsville, Ind. as NORFOLK STATE won its first title with 54 points, six more than runner-up Lincoln University. ROD MILBURN of Southern University broke the 120-yard high hurdles record with a 13.2 in the semifinals, the fastest time for that event this year. REYNALDO BROWN of California Poly SLO high-jumped 7' 2", Norfolk State's ANTHONY HALL threw the javelin 258' 7" and KNUTE HJELTNES of Western Maryland threw the discus 183'. STEVE RIDDICK, also of Norfolk, won three events, turning in a 9.3 for the 100-yard dash, a 20.6 for the 200 and anchoring the 440-yard-relay team to a 40.0 finish.

MILEPOSTS—INSTITUTED By the United States Auto Club at a special meeting, several new rules stemming from the accident-ridden Indy 500 (*page 30*). Among the major changes, which should go into effect June 18, are reduced race car wingspan from 64" to 55", and reduction of on-board fuel supply from 75 gallons to 40. Fuel will be carried on the left side of the car and the right side now must be filled with an "energy-absorbing" material. Also, the signal man stationed at the pit wall must remain at his post through the race.

NAMED As vice-president and general manager of the ABA New York Nets, DAVE DeBUSSCHERE, forward for the NBA New York Knicks, effective June 1, 1974.

NAMED As coach of the NHL New York Rangers LARRY POPEIN, 42, formerly general manager and coach of the Providence Reds, the New York farm team. He replaces Emile Francis, who will retain his general-manager post.

RETIRED Seven-time All-Pro Linebacker CHUCK HOWLEY, 36, of the Dallas Cowboys. A 14-year NFL veteran, he was Most Valuable Player of the 1971 Super Bowl. He suffered a knee injury late last season.

SOLD The National League SAN DIEGO PADRES to a Washington, D.C. syndicate for $12 million, contingent on the Padres' ability to terminate their lease with San Diego Stadium and the unanimous approval of the National League club owners.

SWITCHED Ownership and team name of the New York Raiders of the World Hockey Association. The new Golden Blades are owned by a 14-member syndicate.

VOTED By the AAU, to recommend reinstatement of football great Jim Thorpe's amateur status for the years 1909 through 1913, including the 1912 Olympics. Final decision rests with the AAU Board of Governors which meets in October.

CREDITS

Cover design by Donald Moss. 9—John Iacono. **30, 31**—Bob D'Olivo (3)/ Hath Scharfman/ John Iacono. **32**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **33**—James Drake. **48**—AP. **49**—John Dominis-LIFE. **50**—Robert D. Huntzinger. **76**—Robin Platzer, AP. **79**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **84**—Martin Mills. **90**—John D. Hanlon. **94**—John Iacono. **125**—Minneapolis Star (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD



MICHELLE BAKER, 14, of Peabody, Mass., outscored a field of 504 competitors to capture the New England AAU gymnastics championship in the 13-14 age group. Besides the all-around title, she won golds in the balance beam and uneven parallel bars.



JANE OAS, a freshman at the University of Minnesota, captured three events in the State Intercollegiate women's track meet at Minneapolis, setting two meet records. She sprinted to a 24.7 clocking in the 220-yard dash, and long-jumped 16' 4".



HOWARD STEIN, a sophomore at the University of Rochester (N.Y.), pitched back-to-back four-hit shutouts in a doubleheader over Hobart College, fanning 11 and walking one. He finished the season with a 5-0 record and had an earned run average of 1.29.



RANDY CAVANAUGH, a senior at St. Andrew's School in Boca Raton, Fla., led his golf team to a 43-0-3 record since February 1971 in which the Scots outscored their area opponents 205 points to 41. The team captain, he has a 34-9-6 three-year dual match record.



BILL JANKUNIS, 17, a senior at New Dorp High in Staten Island, N.Y., captured the "triple crown" of Eastern schoolboy outdoor track, winning the high jump at the Queensloma, Penn and New York relays. Undefeated this season, his best height was 7' ½".



MIKE SHAPIRO, 38, tennis coach at State College (Pa.) High School, guided his team to its eighth Central Counties league championship and sixth undefeated season. Shapiro's career record is 118-24 and State College teams have won 83 straight matches.



Gordon Johncock Wins

First Five on Goodyear

In his bright red STP Eagle, Gordon Johncock won his first Indy 500—averaging 159.014 mph on Goodyear racing tires. The next four drivers to cross the finish line were also on Goodyear tires—as were nine of the eleven cars that finished this year's delayed Memorial Day race.

Second was Billy Vukovich. Third—Roger McCluskey. Fourth—Mel Kenyon. And fifth—Gary Bettenhausen.

The Pace Car that started the race was also on Goodyear tires—Custom Steelgard Radials, specially modified for the high speeds required to get the race off to a fast start. The first time an Indy Pace Car ever ran on radials.

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come as original equipment on many of America's finest new cars

Indy '73 Another reason why "Winners Go Goodyear."

WINNERS GO GOODYEAR

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

IN THE FACE OF PREJUDICE

Sirs

Thank you for William Leggett's outstanding article (*A Tortured Road to 715*, May 28) on an outstanding athlete, Henry Aaron. As a longtime fan of his, I am sad to hear of the trouble Henry is having. To dislike a man is human, to hate him and wish him evil is not.

To me, Aaron is tops in every aspect of life, and when he retires he will be recognized as the most durable and consistent all-round player the sport has ever known. A look at the records will verify that. I wish him luck in everything he does.

STEVE ENGEL

Milwaukee

Sirs

When will people ever learn that dignity, character, courage and integrity know no color line? Henry Aaron is a brilliant athlete and certainly one of the finest men ever to play baseball. He is a credit to the sport, to himself and to all of us.

PATRICIA STOCKLER

Fair Haven, N.J.

ANOTHER KIND OF BIGOTRY

Sirs:

Congratulations! It is about time somebody told the real story of women athletes (*Sport Is Unfair to Women*, May 28). If people would watch girls' athletics with an open mind they would be truly surprised at the quality and excitement involved in our sports. Bil Gilbert and Nancy Williamson did a fantastic job on the first article of this series. They should receive a special award for printing "the truth and nothing but the truth." Keep up the good work and maybe women athletes will get an even shake in the world of sports.

LAURIE MARQUETTE

Hillsborough, Calif.

Sirs

Many thanks for your initial article on the plight of the female athlete. I anticipate the two subsequent articles with a grim sort of pleasure. While at college (I was graduated this spring), I had the honor of playing on lacrosse teams with two All-Americas, both women. One is a *double* All-America in field hockey and lacrosse—and the only person at the university to have this double distinction. She did get a write-up in the alumni magazine, but otherwise the university ignores her. She receives none of the benefits that her male counterparts enjoy as a matter of course.

REBECCA YOUNG

Exton, Pa.

Sirs:

Thank goodness you set me straight on women's athletics. Before I read the article I had no idea how much women were being discriminated against in sports. As I began reading I thought the author was just another Women's Lib complainer trying to prove something. By the time I was finished I realized that something must be done to awaken more of the American people to these facts. I sincerely hope you will continue to publish articles that bring to the surface such unfair prejudices.

KEN EDMUNDSON

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs

I am ashamed. As soon as I finished reading Part I of the series I decided that I would immediately do the following things.

First, instead of discouraging my daughter of nine years, I would encourage her uninhibited desire to participate in sports, second, I would help her in any way possible to improve her athletic skills, and third, I would stop ridiculing her ability as that fiercely competitive yet unsynchronized soul desperately tries to achieve her rightful degree of athletic success.

As I think back, I do not recall ever discouraging my daughter's older brother from taking an active part in athletics. Thank you for the eye-opener.

PAUL B. GREEN

Bay City, Mich.

Sirs

Despite the absurdity of most of the prejudices against women athletes, I find it difficult to be very concerned about the "raw deal" women get in sports. They are no worse off than 99% of the men who also get no scholarships, cannot use the gym when "the team" is practicing, and whose lack of physical strength, speed of reflexes, etc., is also a mere accident of birth.

JEFF STRATHMEYER

Davis, Calif.

Sirs

The thing that struck me most was the reference to girls who accommodate "their athletic desires to the attitudes of society" by playing "nervously and timidly." I realized that this very syndrome may be the underlying cause of the stereotypes (which I find well founded) of "running like a girl" or "throwing like a girl." I don't see this so-called dainty, timid style of non-competitive competition as cute or feminine, but as clumsy and incompetent. The failure to instill in girls the same high ideals of athletic achievement as we drill into boys should be condemned by all those who love sport for the sake of sport.

PETER SPRIGG

Berwyn, Pa.

Sirs

In that same May 28 issue you lived up to the painful truths presented in the story of the raw deal women are getting in sports. To wit:

1) No other articles on women, 2) no women in FACTS IN THE CROWD, 3) a picture of only one woman—not even an American offered in your poster sale; and 4) unidentified photographs of the women athletes included in the article—not to mention the girl on the cover.

Schools, universities and television stations consider women athletes as "unsalable" and uninteresting to watch. Must you, too, only underscore their attitudes?

JANN NIKOLAIDIS

New York City

● SI's May 28 cover girl was Chris Vennum, a 14-year-old Ontario (Calif.) High School athlete whose specialty is the 440-yard dash.—ED.

Sirs

After reading the first installment in what promises to be a very fine series on the inequitable treatment of women in sports, I leafed on through the rest of the magazine and was distressed to find an overendowed and underdressed cartoon character named Bubbles LaFarge romping about in an Indy comic strip (*The Racer Boys and Bubbles Go to Indy*). You pictured Bubbles with a firecracker atop her head and delivering such pithy dialogue as, "I'll finish the race! My, isn't this a cunning little crash helmet! Look for me. My car will have pink airfoils and false eyelashes." It seems to me more than a little ironic that you should include both articles in the same issue, especially at a time when you are taking a stand against the chauvinistic press which the female athlete has received (when she has received any at all).

LINDA MEHRTIG

Ann Arbor, Mich.

HOPE IN CALIFORNIA

Sirs

As a coach of both an AAU girls' track team and a high school girls' team, I would like to thank you for the attention you have called to the plight of girls' and women's athletics in this country. Girls' athletics in general and girls' track in particular have long suffered from the apathy of school administrators, the subtle bigotry of boys' coaches and the disregard of meet managers and the

continued



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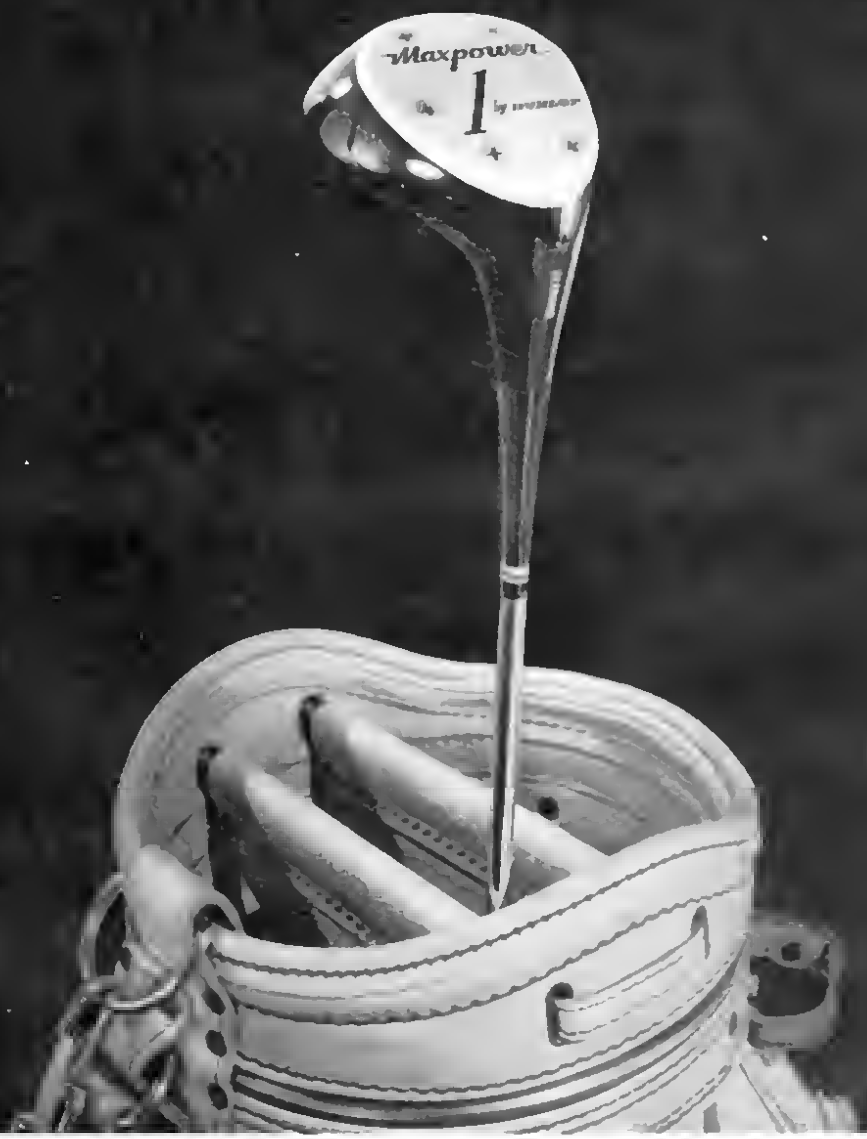
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But if you play with all your clubs, you need the new Maxfli.





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public press concerning budgets, facilities and curricular opportunities, as well as from a dearth of well-trained women physical educators. Fortunately, these shortcomings are slowly being reversed, as more girls are overcoming their feminine "demureness" and demanding to be given the opportunity to participate in whatever advantages and educational value athletics have been offering to males for years. Along with this comes the entry into the field of people who have been trained and coached as athletes to offer their experience to girl athletes.

Several states have recently instituted rather well-organized programs for girls' competition and have state high school championship meets. California has just ruled that girls must be allowed (based simply on ability) to participate on varsity teams with boys. There are also two bills in the California senate that would require equal funding of the men's and women's athletic programs in schools throughout the state. For the first time, too, the California Interscholastic Federation, Southern Section, held a girls' track and field championship, with the finals contested at the same time as the boys'.

As you pointed out in your article, the top-seeded athletes in these championships are almost all products of AAU age-group competition, with very few exceptions. With the growth of interscholastic competition, hopefully women's track and field will be able to claim the same kind of vigorous, multilevel competition that the men's sport now enjoys.

RICHARD EDE
High School Editor
Women's Track & Field World
Claremont, Calif.

LANE ÉLAN

Sirs:

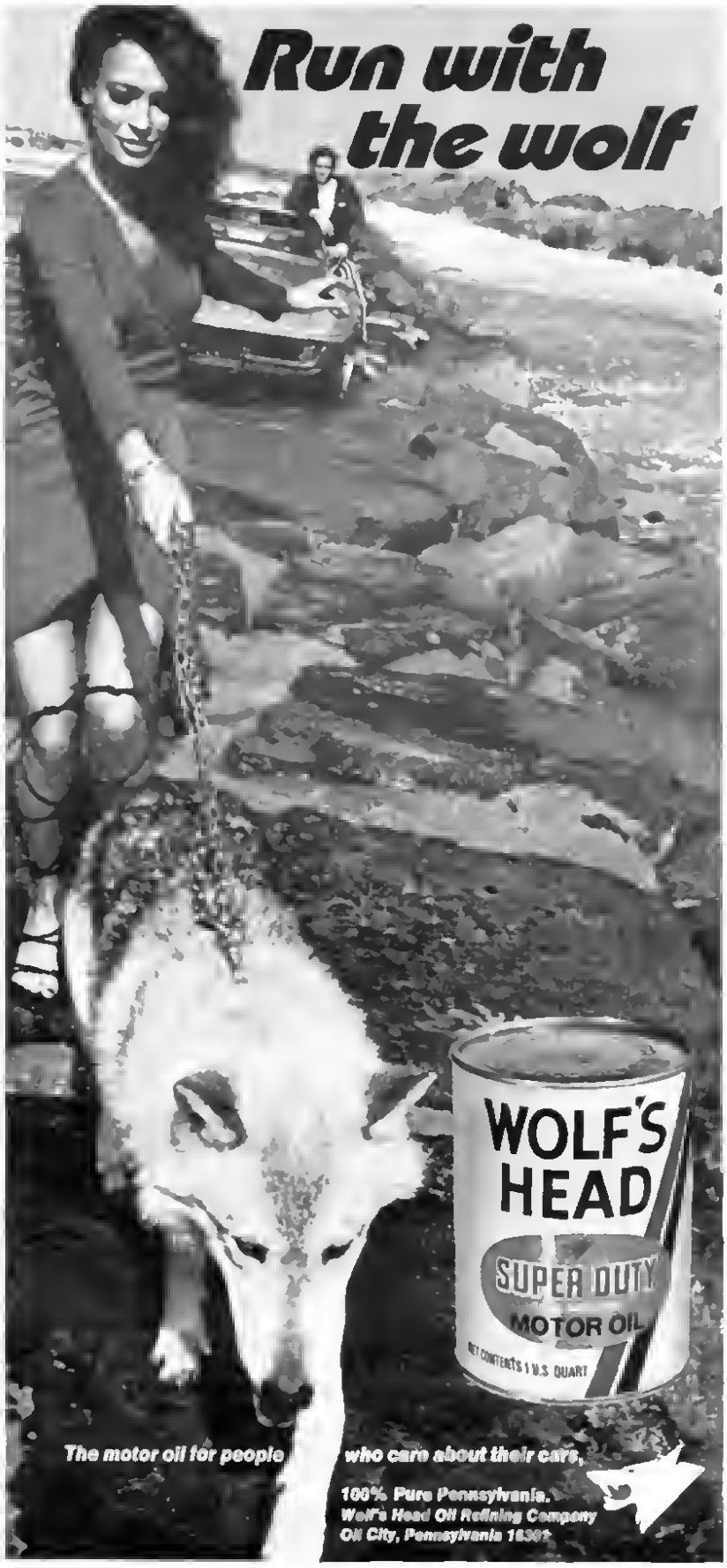
It had been a pleasure to read Herman Weiskopf's April 9 article on bowling's Firestone Tournament of Champions, so you can imagine my delight at discovering his story (*He Socks the Sizzle to 'Em*, May 14) on the Professional Women Bowlers Association and its ebullient commissioner, Bucky Woy. Two rather expansive bowling stories within a six-week span must be some sort of first for SI. I am sure I join millions of regular bowlers in thanking you for these two fine stories about the top participants in what is almost certainly America's No. 1 participant sport.

MATT M. RACKI III
Managing Editor
National Bowlers Journal
Chicago

Sirs:

Three cheers to Herman Weiskopf for his interesting story on the PWBA. I was fortunate to see the tournament here in Akron in April and wow! What bowling. These girls are a real boost for women's sports. I en-

continued





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joyed seeing them perform and it is nice to see them being recognized.

DONNA CHURCH

Akron

Sirs

I was amazed to see the high scores these girls bowl and also how attractive and feminine they are. Thanks for the article.

MIKE ADAMS

Akron

UPSTARTS

Sirs

While glancing through FACES IN THE CROWD of your May 21 issue, I came across the picture of the lad who "holds 13 track and field records for one-year-olds." Despite the silliness of keeping such "records," I want to nominate his creators for Pushy Parents of the Year. Let us hope he will not peak in kindergarten.

STUART G. MORRIS

Oakwood, Ohio

Sirs

Here in the San Fernando Valley, children's track programs are getting more popular. I heard one coach of a girls' team call for those trying out for the 880 and the mile. Five girls, aged about seven to 12, reported. Another coach runs his boys, ages nine to 15, as hard as a high school team. They do quarter miles one after another, with little rest between. They are hollered at to finish their distance races strong. Eight-year-olds already know the pressure of being timed for quarter miles — and longer distances. They practice several times a week and have formal meets about once a week, traveling anywhere from 20 to 100 miles to race. No doubt there will be many new records in each age group this year and from now on. And there will be hundreds of kids trying to be the youngest ever to be a four-minute miler.

But what are the consequences? For years the medical profession has been debating whether young pitchers are hurting their arms permanently by trying to throw curves. Instead of waiting for a rash of serious injuries in 14-year-olds, how about some responsible group of doctors running a crash program right now and determining whether it is wise to let the tots run distances in competition? It would seem to me, a layman, that these children are straining and running the risk of torn muscles, ligaments and Achilles' tendons. Also, it is possible that there is psychological damage from pressure at that age. It is further possible that they suffer from being "coached" by people who know nothing of training methods.

I hope I am wrong about all these things. But will somebody please take the trouble to prove it?

ARTHUR M. BRADFORD

Woodland Hills, Calif.

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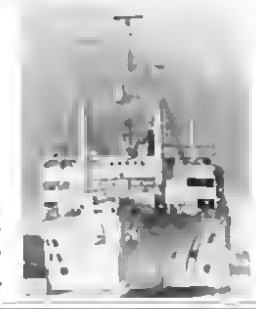
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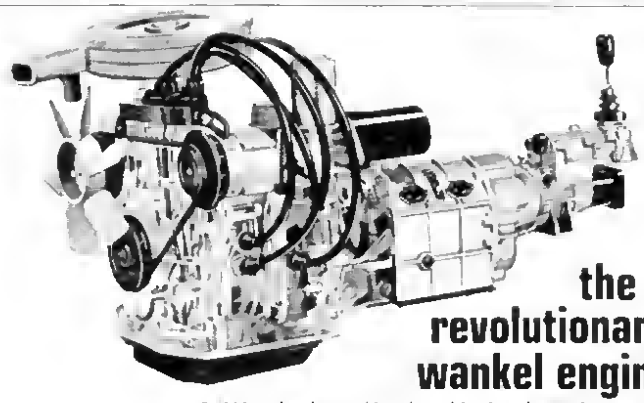
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RETIREMENT LEAGUE

Sirs:

Your article on Nolan Ryan (*An Angel Who Makes Turnstiles Sing*, May 14) gave us another example of a National League player who, upon being dealt to the American League, mysteriously finds a new life. I cite the cases of Gaylord Perry, Frank Robinson, Mike Cuellar, Sandy Alomar, Ken Holtzman, Fred Patek and Cookie Rojas, who all seem to have come up with the best year(s) of their career since being transferred from the National to the "Junior Circuit." In contrast, look what happened to Joe Foy, Jim McGlothlin, Jim Fregosi, Jim Nash and Sam McDowell when they went to the National League.

One must give the American League some credit, though. It does an excellent job of serving as a retirement home for National League stars who have seen better days, such as the Alou brothers (Matty and Felipe), Orlando Cepeda, Rico Carty, Vada Pinson and Deron Johnson.

There is no doubt that the National is the stronger league.

ANDY HOLDEN

New Haven, Conn.

BOTTOM FISHING

Sirs:

It is obvious from his article *Yanking Tile off the Ocean Floor* (May 21) that Dan Levin knows little or nothing about bottom fishing. He made a mockery of the hundreds of thousands of people who go bottom fishing throughout the United States and enjoy it. His remarks, "It is a waiting game fishing for tilefish, and a weighty one, but that is all. . . . It is blue and yellow and silver, like a Peter Max hippie. . . . It was plentiful and easily caught and quickly forgotten for 50 years. . . . It does not taste like much of anything," show his ignorance of the subject.

Bottom fishing is one of the most popular participant sports in America. Tilefishing is one facet of bottom fishing. I have been taking people tilefishing on a steady basis since 1970, and the repeat percentage of fishermen runs as high as 70. The tile is a good bottom fighter, a very strong fish and can be likened to a blackfish (tautog), when using wire line. When using monofilament line, the tile acts more like a cod, although it will run like a pollack at times. Ninety percent of the people who fish for tile enjoy eating them. The meat is flaky, white and far superior in taste to most of the top-feeding sport fish.

I would not let Dan Levin cover a snowball fight for me.

HOWARD BOGAN

Brielle, N.J.

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